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PADUCAH DAILY REGISTER.

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Standard, Est. April, 1884.

PADUCAH, KY., TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1905.

VOL 22, NO. 202

WELL ARMED NEGRO WARMLY RESISTS ARREST

JOHN TICE, COLORED, SHOOTS AT UNKNOWN WHITE MAN AND RESISTS POLICE WHEN HIS ARREST IS ATTEMPTED—WAS FLAGMAN AT BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH STREET FOR THE I. C. R. R. AND BARRICADED HIMSELF IN HIS ELEVATED FLAGHOUSE, AND BEING WELL ARMED OPENED FIRE ON THE POLICE, SHOOTING ONE PAINFULLY TWICE—HIS FORT RIDDLED WITH BULLETS BEFORE HE WAS BROUGHT DOWN—AN EXCITABLE INCIDENT OF YESTERDAY.

The most excitable incident occurring in this city for years past was that of yesterday at noon at Eleventh and Broadway, at which time the Russian-Japanese war paled into insignificance from a bombardment standpoint. As a result of the shooting then occurring Watchman John Tice, colored, of the Illinois Central flaghouse at that corner, is lying at death's door in Riverside hospital, at Fourth and Clay streets, while Policeman James Clark lies at his home on Clements street in Mechanicsburg, with two bullet holes through his left leg. The greatest of excitement arose over the shooting, several hundred shots being exchanged between Tice, up in his tower, and the populace and authorities below. The towerhouse was riddled with bullets and shot.

Flagman Tice is about thirty years of age and for seven years past has been the flagman at the Eleventh and Broadway crossing for the Illinois Central. He is one-legged, his right limb having been cut off right below the hip. He has always been regarded as one of the most reliable and sober of darkies in the entire city, as attested by not only the railroad people but police authorities as well. Yesterday though it seems his egg-nog, whiskey and bitters got the best of him, firing his brain into demonic form and sending him on the war-path, with blood in his eye and revolver in each hand.

Yesterday morning about twenty minutes to 12 o'clock some white men at that corner teasing a colored boy, when Tice, who was up in his tower operating the railroad gates at that intersection, stuck his head out of the window and asked the white men what they were tormenting the colored chap for. They asked him what he had to do with it. He replied that if it was a white boy they would not do that. He commenced jawing with them and finally called one a son of a b—.

This is one report, while another is that Tice was coming from a nearby saloon, got into the difficulty with the men, and went up in his tower. Be that as it may, when the white men threw the missile up at the darky Tice pulled his gun and shot into the crowd below, but fortunately did not strike anybody. Tice was drunk at the time, and realizing he was looking for trouble, the people summoned officers. Driver John Austin, of the patrol wagon, and Officers James Clark and Albert Sencer went out. Getting to Eleventh and Broadway Patrolman Clark started up the steps leading to Tice's overhead tower, when the negro stuck his head out of the window and wanted to know what Clark wanted. The latter told him he wanted Tice to come down and explain the shooting to him. The officer tried for many minutes to reason with Tice, but the latter would not come down and in addition ordered the brave policeman from the steps. Clark, however, told Tice he was coming up anyhow, and started to do so. He had not gone four steps up though, until the negro threw up the trap door leading from steps into tower, stuck his gun out, and blazed away twice at the officer, who was struck by both shots in the leg, one going in the thigh and the other in lower part of the leg between ankle and knee. The thigh bullet struck the bone.

Officer Clark fell back, taking several shots at the negro, but he was so barricaded that he could not be hit. Driver Austin put the injured patrolman in the patrol wagon and quickly brought him to Dr. Jeff Robertson's office, where his injuries were dressed and the game patrolman then sent to his home in Mechanicsburg.

Just as soon as the officer was shot word was flashed to police headquarters for more police and several went out, there being many on hand, as it was just at the time for changing the noon day watches. There went out Officers Johnson, Hession, Hurley, Sencer, Brennon, City Jailor Evitts and others. Driver John Austin rushed back with the patrol wagon in which he always keeps two Winchester rifles. These firearms were handed the police, while all had a

gun of two on them. The fusillade commenced and probabilities are that several hundred shots were fired at Tice who kept pelting away at the police and everybody else coming that way. It is believed he fired about fifty times himself, and although performing a demons act he stayed at his post and fired at random as quick as he could unload and re-load his revolver. Finally during the bombardment, which converted the tower into a flour sifter, crashed all the windows, filled sides and bottom with lead, Tice was seen to drop. It was then known that one had caught him. About this time his wife heard of the affair, and rushed over from their home on Tenth and Washington streets. Being informed what was the matter, she was sent up to take the guns away from her husband, but it was useless as he was lying unconscious on the floor. Officers Hurley and Johnson then went up and brought down the wounded man and he was placed in the patrol wagon and brought to the City Hall. While up in the tower the wife fought Officer Hurley, and was arrested and locked up also. About 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon City Physician Bass had the man taken to the city hospital where he was operated on, but chances are against him, and he may be dead ere this reaches the eye of the reader. The doctor found the fatal bullet had entered between the upper and lower ribs on the right side and going upward, come out underneath the upper ribs on the left side. One ball hit him in the left shoulder and also one in the left leg and both are ugly but not fatal wounds. His forehead was also laid open, where a bullet burrowed its way up and glanced out without fracturing the skin.

All during the shooting Tice fired at random at just whatever came before his eye inflamed with the mean whiskey. His wife said after the shooting that she and he had drank considerable egg-nog yesterday morning, while the police on going up into the tower after him found one revolver lying on the floor, about fifty empty cartridges there, many loaded ones, a bottle of mean whiskey, etc. Just as Tice fell from his bullet wound he was shooting out the window, and let fall to the ground that revolver.

Nothing ever occurring here drew as much attention and raised as much excitement, as immediately rumors flew over town that the negroes intended starting a riot. The stacks of Winchester rifles in the City Hall vault were immediately gotten into condition, ready for quick action. Large crowds hung around the hall waiting to be on hand if anything started, but outside a few impudent remarks none of the colored race did anything further. For this they were smacked down by white people standing around, and this satisfied the blacks that they did not want to start trouble.

All kind of exciting rumors floated over the town after the shooting, that blacks were being killed here, and riots started there, but there was nothing in it.

LATER—Last night late it was learned that the examination made of Tice's wounds developed that the most serious of his wounds—the one through his stomach—was perhaps not as serious as was first thought, as the ball had not cut his intestines at all nor hit any vital parts. While he was considered as in a precarious condition the chances for his recovery on this discovery were regarded as many per cent better than first thought. Tice at a late hour this morning was apparently resting well.

Dr. James Frazier Davis, until three years ago a resident of Louisville, was drowned in eighteen inches of water near Bardstown Junction Saturday night. His body, an overturned buggy and the carcass of his horse were found in Long Lick creek.

President Roosevelt is following closely his announced intention of making few speeches during the remainder of his term.

SERIOUS INJURIES

YOUNG HUNTER SHOT IN THE FACE BY AN ASSOCIATE.

Stray Bullet. Shot by a Celebrant. Painfully Wounds Mrs. Thomas Wooten.

Yesterday Carl Prewitt, son of Pilot Prewitt, was over on the Owen's island, opposite the city, in company with several boy friends who were out for a hunt. One of them playfully leveled his shotgun at young Prewitt, while about fifty yards away, when it went off and scattered shot into the Prewitt boy's face, head and upper part of the body. The shot were No. 5, and did not seriously injure the young man, who was brought over in a skiff and taken to his home on Clark street near Third, where Dr. Pendley extracted the shot.

Shot in Breast. Mrs. Thomas Wooten, of 1168 North Twelfth street, was standing inside the house yesterday morning when a bullet came crashing through the window and struck her in the breast. It was fired by some reckless party out celebrating Christmas. Dr. Bass cut it out for her, it being a 38-calibre. She is the wife of the well known blacksmith.

Leg Was Broken.

Last night just before 12 o'clock, while Dr. Sears, of Mechanicsburg, was driving on Washington street in his open top buggy his horse became frightened at the firing of some Roman candles and turned to run away. Dr. Sears being almost unseated attempted to jump from the buggy and in doing so got his left leg caught in the wheel and the result was that the member was bruised and broken about half way between the ankle and knee. Though in great pain and alone he drove to Dr. Griffith's office, in the Truheart block, on Broadway, and by phone secured the doctor's services and the injured leg was dressed. He was then placed in the patrol wagon and sent to the Riverside hospital for attention. The injury is certain to lay the doctor up for a couple of weeks if not longer. Dr. Sears practices with Dr. Troutman and is well known over the city.

FLEE FLAMES

LOS ANGELES HOTEL DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Men and Women Make Escape Clad in Their Night Robes.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 25.—Scores of men and women, guests at the stylish Van Nuys Broadway hotel at 412-422 South Broadway, were aroused early Sunday morning by an alarm of fire and, fleeing in their night garments, had barely time to reach the street before the flames cut off all avenues of exit. None of the guests saved any clothing or other personal effects.

The Van Nuys Broadway, which ranked as one of the first-class hotels of this city, was completely destroyed and a loss estimated at close to \$200,000.

The 110 guests were still in bed at the time the fire broke out, but escaped in their scant clothing to the street.

Five Firemen Are Injured. Five firemen were injured during the progress of the flames by the collapse of the rear of the second floor. They were precipitated into the basement and all suffered more or less serious injuries. One fireman died after being rescued.

Origin of Fire Not Fixed.

The origin of the fire has not been definitely ascertained. It was discovered by Night Clerk Harry Martz at 6:55 o'clock. The flames appeared to come from the basement of engine-room of the hotel, although the hotel management claims the fire originated in the store of the California Paper company on the ground floor of the building.

The flames spread with great rapidity and in thirty minutes from the time the first alarm was turned in the whole building was ablaze.

The Vannuys Hotel, one of the largest and handsomest in Los Angeles, Cal., was almost destroyed by fire. The loss was \$200,000.

SURRENDERS

KID HOLLOWAY WHO KILLED GEORGE TRAVIS 13 IN JAIL.

Gave Himself Up Last Night to Prevent Arrest—Has Been Hiding Out.

Last night early Kid Holloway, colored, came darting in the front door of the City Hall, and rushing up to Chief James Collins, said "Here I is, chief, lock me up." Kid was wringing wet with perspiration and on being questioned said that he had been hanging out down about Maxon's mill since he killed George Travis last Thursday night, at Twelfth and Terrell street. Sheriff Potter located Holloway out in that section and yesterday went out after him. Kid got wind of being traced and slipping away from his haunt ran all the way to town, seven miles, and rushing to the police surrendered, and was locked up in the county jail. Sheriff Potter was hot after him and came in only about thirty minutes behind Holloway, who was making railroad time.

He shot George Travis' brains out at the latter's home the night in question, while trying to shoot Henry Lawrence, the colored bell boy of The Palmer, with whom Holloway had had trouble some nights before, and who was at Travis' house when Kid entered the time of the killing. Just as Holloway shot at Lawrence Travis jumped between them and the bullet struck him in the head.

ASSESSMENT ON

THE UNION PRINTERS IN LOUISVILLE ARE PREPARING FOR A STRIKE.

There Will Be a Lockout if the "Shops" Don't Grant the Eight-Hour Demand.

Louisville, Dec. 25.—In preparation for the lockout which is expected to take place January 1, unless at the printing houses in Louisville sign the eight-hour, closedshop agreement, Typographical Union, No. 10, yesterday passed the ten per cent. assessment for strike "benefits." Members of the union say the present prospects are that 150 men will be involved in the local strike, as the largest job printing concerns have refused to enter into negotiations with the union. Managers of the job printing houses are positive that only a few men will walk out. Both sides express confidence in the outcome.

A general fight for the open shop started in Chicago several months ago and has gradually spread among the local unions all over the country until nearly every large city has become involved. The fight is for an eight-hour day and the closed shop, and the question of wages does not enter into the situation as presented, except indirectly by the reduction of hours. A member of the union said yesterday that 10,000 men in the United States will be on strike January 1, and the expenses to the international organization in caring for these men will be \$60,000 a week. Each man will draw weekly benefits of from \$6 to \$10.

Louisville "Open" At Present.

There are 250 union typesetters in Louisville, and they comprise over one-half the total number employed here in the city. Louisville has been an "open town" for a year, the last strike having failed in its purpose. This fact has strengthened the employers in their position and made it harder for the union to fight, as there is a larger proportion of non-union men working here than in most cities. President Stanley said that the ten per cent. assessment was voted almost unanimously, and the men made speeches advocating every measure that would tend to promote the success of the contemplated strike.

The steamer John W. Thomas, which was sunk at Tell City, Ind., Wednesday, was practically destroyed by fire yesterday. The boat was owned by the Louisville and Evansville Mail Line company, and was valued at \$20,000.

Charles O. Bader, proprietor of the Falls Hotel, in Minneapolis, was killed at the bar attached to his hotel by the bullet shot of an unknown man, who was a partner in a hold-up when the sum of \$500 was secured.

TWO MORE MURDERS; BOTH VICTIMS NEGROES

COME FOR BODY SKULL CRUSHED

BROTHER OF WM. GILLS, COLORED, CAME AFTER CORPSE.

Rufus Bronson, Colored, Charged With Murdering Gills Sunday Night at Home of Mistress.

Probabilities are that today at noon there will be shipped to Olmstead, Ky., the remains of Will Gills, colored, who was killed Sunday night by Rufus Bronson, colored, at the home of Jennie Grundy, of Twelfth and Jones streets. The brother of the dead man arrived here yesterday after the corpse.

Rufe Bronson peddles coal around the city, and for a number of years has been residing with Jennie Grundy in adultery. They have a four-year-old girl and several weeks ago the man and woman fell out and remained separated. Sunday night Bronson went up to the woman's house with a doll, sheep and other presents for the little girl. He walked in and laid down his packages. Then turning he noticed Gills sitting by the fire place. Bronson grabbed the latter by the neck, each beginning to curse the other. The men commenced fighting and the woman fled from the room in terror, leaving only the combatants inside. In a few moments Bronson rushed out, and when others went in they found Gills dying of a severe stab in the upper part of the stomach, and then several others in that region. The upper one looked as if he had stuck a long knife in the man's stomach and then twisted it around and around.

The remains were moved to Pool & Nance's undertaking establishment on South Third street, where yesterday morning Coroner Crow held an inquest, the jury bringing in a verdict that Gills came to his death from a knife stab inflicted by Bronson, and that the killing was not justifiable.

Bronson after the killing, rushed from the scene of his mad deed, and entering a stable closely, was changing clothing when arrested by Patrolman Moore Churchill and City Jailor Thomas Evitts. They locked him up on the charge of wilful murder, which comes up this morning in the police court.

Bronson was trying to change clothing in order to escape without the bloody garments which would give him away. He did the cutting with a long knife that was found on his person.

GIRL CLERK STEALS \$7,000.

Full Confession Made by Employee of Oakland, Cal., Postoffice.

Oakland, Cal., Dec. 25.—Charged with a discrepancy of nearly \$7,000 in her accounts, Miss Lulu Bowen, a pretty girl clerk in the employ of Mrs. Matilda Brown at Substation No. 1 of the Oakland postoffice, has been arrested on complaint made by Assistant Postmaster Paul Scabber and Deputy District Attorney Everett Brown. She now occupies a cell at the county jail.

The accused woman lived with her mother in a fashionable residence at 612 Merrimac street. She had been employed at the postoffice for some time, but her alleged peculations covered only about one month.

While the girl has confessed taking the money, the authorities are mystified as to how she disposed of such a large amount. They are working on the theory that she was infatuated with L. W. Baker, a married man aged 35, who has disappeared after having lost heavily at the race track. The amounts of his recent bets occasioned gossip among race track habitués. He was a frequent visitor at the substation. Postal authorities decline to divulge to what the girl confessed and no one is allowed to see her.

Each convict in the Indiana reformatory, at Jeffersonville, will be given a check for the income from his year's earnings as a Christmas gift.

Chris Anderson, his son and his mother-in-law were killed at a railroad crossing in Alma, Kan.

Three children were drowned while skating at St. Louis.

JAMES DRAIN MORTALLY WOUNDS ED EWELL WITH A BOARD.

Resulted From Trouble the Two Negroes, Both Residents of the County.

Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock Ed Ewell, colored, died at his home near the residence of Mr. C. C. Thompson, who resides three miles from this city upon the Cairo road, out beyond Rowlandtown. He expired as the result of a blow delivered on his head by James Drain, colored, of that section.

Ewell was about 28 years of age, and he and Drain lived only a short distance from each other out that way. They had trouble some weeks ago, and Sunday night while Ewell was sitting beside a stove at the Rutherford store of Cecil, Drain walked up, picked up a board and delivered Ewell a severe blow over the head. Ewell keeled over unconscious, while Drain went on to his home, where he now is waiting for the officers to come for him, so stated information from Cecil last night.

Ewell was carried home and an examination showed his skull had been fractured. The blow was a terrific one and he gradually sank until he was claimed by death at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Ewell worked for Mr. Carneal, of the Grahamville section, and was a married man. The remains will be buried today.

Coroner Charles Crow went out last evening with County Physician Pendley and held the inquest, which holds Drain responsible for the death.

ROBBER IN A PICKLING VAT.

Stolen Bank Book for \$15,000 Trays Him After Death.

Selinsgrove, Pa., Dec. 25.—A rare instance of mistaken identity presents itself in the case of H. E. McCarthy, of this place, whose body was reported to have been found in a "pickling vat" in one of the medical colleges in St. Louis. According to the account the dead man had on his person a bank book which showed a deposit of \$15,000 to his credit in the First National bank of Selinsgrove.

C. B. North, the bank cashier, said:

"McCarthy, some time ago, while traveling in the Western states, was robbed of his traveling bag containing his personal effects, along with his bank book. He at once notified the bank and a duplicate book was sent him with the assurance that the bank would be on the lookout for any forged drafts from the robber. Nothing, however, was heard of the thief, who baffled the efforts of skilled detectives employed by McCarthy and the affair was forgotten."

"The sad end of the criminal, who was found with the tell-tale evidence on him in a pickling vat in a medical college at St. Louis by relatives who thought he was the real McCarthy, however, clears up the whole affair."

The real McCarthy's parents are prominent citizens of this place and their fears were allayed by the fact that they received a letter from this son at Los Angeles, Cal., only a few days ago. McCarthy was married to an heiress from here about a year ago.

HELPED FOUND W. C. T. U.

Grass Valley, Cal., Dec. 25.—Mrs. A. B. Dibble, first president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who, with Frances Willard, founded that organization, died yesterday at her home in this city after a long illness. She was one of the early settlers in California.

BURLINGTON UNDER LID.

Burlington, Ia., Dec. 25.—The "lid" was on tight in Burlington yesterday.

The town was dry for the first time in its history, and not an intoxicated person was arrested.

The shaft building of the Marquette Third Vein Coal company, near Spring Valley, Ill., was destroyed by fire. The loss, \$250,000, is uninsured.

NTING BIG EGGS.

W. THE COLLECTOR GETS AND
RESERVES HIS SPECIMENS.

Is Necessary to Have Outfits as
Extensive as Those of Hunters
of Big Game—Some Part-
ticulars.

Those who think deer or mountain lion hunting to be hard work ought to try hunting hawks' nests for awhile and get a taste of the really strenuous life. Hawks nest all over the world, from the equator to the far north; they make up one of the largest and most widely known of any of the bird families. To them belong the great bald eagles and the tiny sparrow hawks everyone knows. But their habits are all different, so that methods which will result in the finding of one hawk's nest, says the Los Angeles Times, will take the hunter directly by the home of another species. The little sparrow hawk lays its eggs in a hollow tree, while the eagle builds a bulky nest of all sorts of sticks and places it in the very tip of the highest available tree.

The hawk hunter—who, by the way, calls himself an "oologist"—takes with him as much of an outfit as would a deer hunter. First of all, he wears a suit of duck or khaki, lemon, or, preferably, forest green in color, and instead of the usual heavy shoes of a hunter, light leather creations which yield to every movement of the foot and cling as tenaciously to the bark of trees as would the barefoot. To aid him in climbing still further, he carries a pair of the "climbers" used by telephone and telegraph linemen. Added to this is a tin box having straps on each end so that it may be easily carried, and in which the eggs are carefully packed in cotton.

Entering the forest or the cliff-walled canyon, the modern hawk hunter strikes out carefully, treading as silently as any deer hunter, searching the skies frequently with a field glass for the great birds he seeks. Hawks, eagles and most of the owls nest in early spring from the first of February to the end of May, so that the collector must be alert early in order to get eggs in which incubation has not commenced. He scans the tops of trees or such likely places as he knows and, finding some great bulk of sticks looming darkly against the sun, he lays down his paraphernalia and ascends the tree. If the hawk be one of the large species known as buzzard hawks, a rap on the trunk of the tree will usually send the nesting bird in screaming flight from her home. With the smaller hawks this test does not apply, but the experienced hawk hunter rarely climbs to a nest from which no bird can be induced to fly.

Once secured and brought safely home, the next thing for the "oologist" to do is to preserve the eggs. This he does by drilling a small hole in one side of the egg and removing the contents by means of a blowpipe. Instru-ments are manufactured for this purpose, and many are of intricate make. Use when the eggs are valuable and so far incubated as to be unsavable with the unaided blowpipe. When the eggs are emptied of their contents, they are thoroughly dried with hot air and then laid carefully away in trays of cornmeal to become entirely dry in case the air has left any drops of moisture. In a day or two they are placed in their final nest of cotton in the drawer of a cabinet where many other hawks' eggs have preceded them. Each collection is catalogued, and the eggs are marked with a known symbol, so that not only may each set be distinguished from all the others, but each species may also be known by a glance at the egg and without reference to the printed catalogue.

Many thousands of dollars' worth of hawks' and other birds' eggs pass annually through the mails of this country. They are sent in exchange between collectors living in widely separated parts of America, and many come from Europe, where the study of birds' eggs and the sport of collecting them have been developed to a much greater extent than here.

A rare merlin found only in the northern part of Canada during the breeding season lays an egg worth \$15 to its fortunate finder; and not only this, but the merlin usually lays some three to five eggs in every nest, so that a "set" (as the full number of eggs laid by a bird is called) may be worth a neat sum to the hawk hunter who finds it. But it is not for money that most of these men who have taken up this kind of sport go out; many of them are independently rich, others are in lucrative positions, but they take it up as a means of getting out into the world of the wild, and bring home the eggs as souvenirs of their trips. In time this has grown to be a regular study, until now almost all the large museums have a department devoted exclusively to the study of the eggs of birds, living and extinct.

An Exceptional Occupation.
A Parisian actor who formerly made a good income in his profession is now earning his living as a cab driver. He has taken this step to spite his divorced wife. Wherever he went she put a lien on his salary. The actor found that the only occupation in which his wife was helpless against him was cab driving, because he drew no wages and had to pay for the hire of the cab. He says he is making a good living and is quite happy.

Getting His Shape.
Molly—I hear your brother is wearing corsets, now?
Cholly—Oh, yes, he's trying to get in shape for the winter afternoon tea.
—Speakers Statesman.

WHEN THE CABMEN MET.

There Was a Short Season of Enlightenment to One of Them.

He was a cabman with a preternaturally solemn and sorrowful face, while his horse, a venerable gray animal with tail and mane denuded of hair, was as sorry a looking steed as ever hauled a fare through Chicago streets, says the Record-Herald. The two made their appearance at the end of the Federal building cab stand on Clark street the other day. The solemn individual drew his cab into line and stopped. The cabby just in front, red-cheeked, stoutly built, looked the newcomer over, saw that he was an entire stranger, and thereupon advanced.

"What are you doin' here?" he demanded.
"Doin'," repeated the solemn one, with slow voice. "Standin' here."
"I guess you won't stand here. You got no rights here. You move on."
"Goin' to stand on this stand," asserted the stranger, getting leisurely down from his seat and doubling his fists.
"I guess you won't stand here," reiterated the other, also doubling his fists. The two met.

The stranger swept his arms around, wind-mill fashion, and made a wild swing at the short man. The latter ducked with much deftness and with equal dexterity landed his left and right in quick succession on the solemn visage, nose and eye receiving the fists. The solemn one halted, turned about, silently, slowly, calmly, dispassionately, and again mounted the box.

"You knew more'n I did about it—I guess I won't stand here," said he. "Git up."

The ancient pair moved slowly off down the street.

EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS

American Ambassadors Sometimes Require the Services of Interpreters.

Often it happens that the diplomatic representative of the United States is unable to converse with his colleagues because of his lack of knowledge of French. Awkward situations are the result, says Pearson's Magazine, requiring interpreters between host and guests, a situation which verges on the ludicrous. Almost never is the American enough of a French scholar to understand all the delicate twists and turns of which the diplomatic language is capable, and at best, therefore, he is without the intimate circle of those with whom he should be on the closest possible terms. La finesse re la langue, this is what the untrained diplomat lacks.

Whether in the course of time America will train her diplomats as the foreign countries train theirs, remains to be seen. It is a highly delicate profession, one well worth preparation, involving, as it does, the welfare and well-being of the nation. The knowledge of international law need not affect the new diplomacy. The stock exchanges of the world are mightier than cannons, and expertise in financial matters, even to the expertise of a Cassini, would not impair the usefulness of the representatives of the most democratic government. Nor, such is the consensus of opinion, need patience and persuasion affect the two main elements of the new diplomacy—straightforwardness, frankness and honesty.

IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Experiments for the Prevention of Interfering Currents Prove Successful.

In order to prevent wireless messages from interfering with one another, endeavors have been made to send electrical waves only in one direction, as luminous signals are given off from a concave mirror. Prof. Braun has been engaged in experiments of this kind, and in a lecture before the Strasburg University Association of Electricians and Naturalists he announced that these experiments had come to successful conclusion. Prof. Braun's methods are based on the fact that three antennae arranged in the angles of a regular triangle are excited by waves of the same periodicity, but of different phases. The inventor states that one of the three antennae begins vibrating by 1-250,000 of a second earlier or later than the two others, this difference in time being kept up, according to experiments, with an accuracy of about one second in three years. This will result in different radiation according to the difference of the space, and by simply inverting a crank the direction of maximum effects can be shifted by 60 or 120 degrees.

Why They Waited.

Two young men with not much experience of horses went for a drive. During the ride the horse happened to yawn, and the bit fell out of its mouth. Two hours later a man passed them and discovered both of the young men waiting with their conveyance by the roadside. "What on earth is the matter?" I passed you when I was going out, and now when I come back, you're still here. What's the matter?" "Oh," replied one of the young men, "we're waiting for the horse to yawn again, so we can put the bit in."—Tatler.

No Shade for Pat.

Pat—I'm after bidding you good-by, Molke. It's to Panama for me. Shure, four dollars a day workin' on the canal looks like a gold mine beside the \$1.20 in Ameriky.

Mike—But, Pat, do you mind that Panama is one of the hottest places in the world? It is 120 in the shade most every day.

"You don't suppose that I'm such a dommed fool as to stay in the shade all the time, do you?"—Magazine of Fun.

NON-VOTERS ARE MANY.

"Idiot and Duellists" Are Barred in Florida—Other Odd Provisions.

Every one of the 45 states has a different law as to voting, and the provisions of these election laws operate to exclude from the suffrage in one state those who retain it in another. Thus, Florida excludes "idiots and duellists," the two classes being apparently included as one.

New Hampshire excludes paupers, defining them as those who are relieved from paying taxes at their own request. Rhode Island groups paupers and lunatics together. Washington excludes Indians, but not Chinamen; Oregon excludes Chinamen, but not Indians. Maine includes "Indians and paupers" in one category, and Michigan includes Indians and duellists.

Texas has a sweeping provision. It includes "Idiot, paupers, lunatics, United States soldiers, seamen and marines." The purpose of this provision is to prevent soldiers of army posts in Texas from voting there if they fall from other states, and is not a reminder of the reconstruction period, for Indiana and Ohio have the same provision of law.

California excludes idiots, Chinese, the insane, and those found guilty of felony, making no distinction between the four classes. Idaho excludes bigamists and polygamists, but Utah has no such provision. South Dakota excludes those convicted of treason, and North Dakota has a like provision, though prosecutions for treason in these two states are practically unknown. Mississippi groups together in the excluded class "persons who have not paid their taxes and bigamists."

Michigan excludes the "seconds" at duels and Minnesota Indians "lacking customs of civilization." Tennessee raises no qualifications as to sanity and Wisconsin excludes those who bet on elections in that state.

INNOVATION IN COSMETICS

Cream of Golden-Brown Used to Lend the Appearance of Sunburn.

"It is a new idea," said the perfumer. "I began it by way of a joke. It is selling like hot cakes."

He rubbed a little of the odd cream on the back of his hand, and lo, his white, soft hand was as brown as a sailor's.

"We have become such an out-of-door people," he said, "that a fine gold-brown sunburn is more highly prized by us than the most delicate rose and lily bloom."

"With this idea in mind, I experimented till I found a harmless cream that would give the effect perfectly of a gold-brown sunburn, and that would disappear gradually, in a week or two, as real sunburn does."

"I put this cream on the market. From the start it sold tremendously. Men and women alike buy it. And it is bought not only by the clerk or stenographer, who never gets out in the sun, but often by the rich idler, whose life is altogether an open-air one, since the latter very frequently sunburns in an ugly way—an inflamed, scarlet skin, blisters, peeling—and my preparation changes all that, giving him the only sunburn that is worth while, the gold-brown one."

"Where I sell one jar of skin bleach I sell two of this gold-brown sunburn cream."

ASHAMED OF THEIR HABIT

Clay-Eaters of North Carolina Have Acquired a Vicious Taste.

"The clay-eaters are hardy, but pale. The clay is a deep yellow, with a smooth, sweet taste, something like yellow jack molasses candy."

The ethnologist had just returned from North Carolina, where he had been studying the famous colony of clay-eaters.

"They are all of English descent," he continued, "and they talk with a marked English accent. They are a little ashamed of their habit. They deny it at first to strangers. But this shame soon disappears."

"The clay is eaten raw, cut into round cakes. Sometimes it is breaded, and served with molasses or maple syrup. Sometimes, again, it is mixed with sweet potatoes in a pudding."

"I tried it. The taste was sickening to me. I could no more have eaten the loathsome stuff than I could have eaten a plug of chewing tobacco."

"The clay is found near the mineral streams. They ate it first from hunger due to crop failures. But they eat it now as the Chinese eat opium, because they have formed a vicious taste for it."

For Charity.

He—Was your charity entertainment successful?
She—Splendid. We had a royal time, all our pictures in the papers, and everybody said we did just lovely. We took in \$2,000, too.

"Then I suppose you cleared quite a nice sum for the hospital."
"Well—not exactly. You see, the expenses were very heavy and after the costumes and the carriage hire, and the flowers and the banquet to the performers were all paid for, it left only about \$50 for the hospital. But everybody said it was a big success."—Baltimore American.

Between the Eyes.

"It will be soon enough, Miss Gwinn, if it returns this book the next time I call."—"What?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Featherston. There's no hurry about it. Any time within the next six months will do."—Chicago Tribune.

THE PHANTOM MOOSE

Every man who has lived in southern Montana for any length of time, especially if he enjoys the hunting stories told by the old-timers, has heard of the "phantom moose," which makes his home at the head of Wise river and has defied the efforts of all the hunters of Montana to slay him.

Just recently the hunting fever was developed in Butte by the unnatural cold weather which prevailed, and around a steam register in a popular resort a crowd had gathered and among other things the story of the famous moose of the head of the Wise river came up for discussion, and it was up to a man who has been a resident of Montana for over 40 years to tell the following story concerning the famous animal.

"When Hannack was first founded, when the gravel bars and rimrock along Grasshopper creek were turning out thousands of dollars every day, I saw an opportunity of making my livelihood with my rifle and I forsook the diggings of the goldseekers and established a camp near the warm springs which are at the head of the Grasshopper."

"I had scarcely made more than one or two hunts in the mountains which divide the head of the Grasshopper from the Wise river until I found the track of a big bull moose, which made a track in the soft ground as big as an ordinary work ox of these days."

"One day when I was the least expecting it I found the big bull and his consort wallowing in a swamp less than 100 yards away. Taking as good aim as possible with my old muzzle-loading rifle, which, by the way, was loaded with a bullet patched with buckskin, I pulled the hair trigger, and when the smoke rolled away there was an animal floundering in the marsh, and when I ran to it with a cry of exultation I found it was the cow, who at the instant I had pulled the trigger had interposed her bulk between me and my quarry. She gave up her life to save the one who had lorded it over her."

"Two days later I was at the swamp where I had killed the cow, hiding in the willows less than 100 yards away, for the signs told me that the old bull had returned and was grieving around the offal which was all that remained of his companion of many a wandering through the timber and swamps of the Wise river."

"For fully six hours I waited impatiently for the old bull to come to the trying place, and when my patience was almost gone far in the distance came the plaintive cry of a moose calling for its mate. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and with its approach I trained my rifle upon a clump of bushes through which I felt morally certain the bull would come as he approached the swamp. Presently I could hear the snapping of twigs and the gooseflesh fairly raced up and down my back an instant later as the biggest moose I had ever seen in my life pushed his way through the willows, calling pitifully all the while, and stood for a moment, broadside on, less than 100 yards away. Only for a moment did he hesitate and then stepped forward to where the skull of his mate was lying and he licked it fondly with his tongue, as if he could bring life back into the senseless brainpan. Then I was that I realized that I was there to shoot this monarch of the forest and I pulled the trigger."

"Intuition told me that something was wrong. All that I could see was a flash of fire and a roar of artillery. Consciousness faded away and I knew nothing for a space which seemed an eternity. Finally I became conscious of an intense pain and when I opened my eyes there was darkness on every hand and through the trees above me a glimmering of starlight told me that night had fallen upon the earth. My right arm was useless by my side and my head was torn and painful and dried blood upon it showed that I had been sorely hurt. With extreme difficulty I moved myself and found that my right arm was broken at the elbow, there was a lump under my right ear big as an apple, my right eye was nearly torn from its socket and my gun had been through an explosion—it had been burst from muzzle to breech. Every cartridge in the magazine had exploded at the time when I attempted to shoot the old moose, with disastrous results to myself."

"Just two years ago I took my last hunt after the animal. I found where he had been wallowing in the swamp where he and I had met 40 years ago, and there I resolved I would meet him again and have out the grudge which I had cherished so long against his big carcass. It was in the time of the harvest moon, when the nights were flooded with a brilliancy that was almost equal to the day. In the same thicket of willows where I had hidden many years ago I took my stand; this time being armed with a 30-30 smokeless, as deadly a weapon as is known to-day. I did not have long to wait."

"Time after time I fired, until all my cartridges were gone, but still the moose stood unharmed, and then, after he was satisfied that he could not find his mate in that swamp he turned and reentered the willows, calling, calling, calling for the answer which never came, and then I knew that the story told me by the hunters of the Wise river of a moose living there which was a phantom one, which could not be killed by man or beast, was a true one and that the noble old animal, still true to his lost mate, wandered the hills and swamps and meadows of the Wise river, ever looking for the mate which gave her life to save his own 40 years ago."

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THE LAKE OF SACRIFICE.

Louisiana Body of Water About Which There Is an Indian Legend.

Lake Ca-ta-ou-la, the sacred lake of the Indians, lies ensconced, as it were, in the deep solitude of the forest which skirts the Attakapas prairie on the east side of the Teche at about nine miles from the town of St. Martinville. The beauty of its scenery and its picturesque landscapes have probably no equal in the state, says the New Orleans States. Its waters have the transparency of crystal, and its depth averages from 90 to 100 feet.

The word Ca-ta-ou-la means the lake of sacrifice. The following legend, as dramatic and as tragic as the Biblical narrative of the death of Jephthah's daughter, gives us the origin of that name.

The Tetimetchee Indians, being threatened with dire calamity, the nature of which we know not, their prayermen consulted their oracles, and were informed that to propitiate the great Manitou and avert the calamity a fair maiden of the tribe was to be sacrificed to the cruel god and her soul drowned in the placid waters of Lake Ca-ta-ou-la.

The beautiful At-ta-la, the fair daughter of the chief, offered herself as a willing victim to propitiate the Great Spirit.

Dressed in all the finery and picturesque apparel of an Indian princess, she repaired to the lake in whose waters she was to find a watery grave, followed by the weeping maidens and the stern warriors of the tribe.

She glided in her light canoe on the waters of the lake until she had reached the middle of the stream, and with her eyes upraised and hands extended toward the heavenly mansion of the great Manitou, she offered him her youth and her life blood as a sacrifice to propitiate him and to avert the calamity that threatened her people.

With radiant smile she then turned toward the shore of the lake where knelt the weeping maidens. She waved her hand gently to them, bidding them an eternal adieu, and plunged into its waters, to be seen no more.

Superstitious persons assert that even to this day in times of great calamity and misfortune, when the moon spans the sky and shines serene in the high heavens, streaking with silvery fringe the gentle ripples of the lake, a shadowy form is seen gliding on its waters in a light canoe, with hands extended heavenward, and they say that all at once, uttering a wild and unearthly shriek, the shadowy form plunges headlong into the waters and disappears, while the terror-stricken denizens of the forest answer the shrieks with howls and lugubrious hootings.

From that time Lake Ca-ta-ou-la became the sacred lake of the Indians, and every year they repaired to this spot to propitiate the great Manitou with their offerings and sacrifices. Into its crystalline waters they plunged themselves to get cleansed of their moral and physical impurities; into its sacred waters they dipped their amulets and arrows to avert approaching calamities and to protect themselves against the devices of the evil spirit. He who could not make this yearly pilgrimage felt despondent and unhappy, and his inability to follow the others in the saintly journey boded him no good.

If while performing his immersion in the lake one should happen to drown, his memory was execrated, and his death was considered the judgment of the great Manitou as an atonement for the crimes committed by him.

The lake is still called Ca-ta-ou-la, the lake of sacrifice, but the great Manitou, like his Indian worshippers, is now a thing of the past.

Frost Makes Fat Turkeys.
"Cold weather makes fat turkeys," said the poultryer.

"Why?"
"Because in a warm fall the ground keeps soft, the vegetation lingers on, and the fields are full of worms and bugs. What's the result? The result is that the turkeys, from sunrise till dark, tramp the tempting fields on long forages, eating the worms and bugs, which they then, and walking all their soft and fine flesh into tough, stringy muscle."

"A cold fall, with early frosts and snows, freezes the ground and kills the bugs. Then the turkeys are not tempted to wander. They loaf in the farmyard, gorge an abundance of grain, and put on flesh like a middle-aged woman at a seashore hotel."

"But in a warm fall, hunting the irresistible bug, the turkeys do their 15 or 20 miles regularly, and become athletes. For athletic turkeys there is no public demand."

The Lawyer.
Now, guess who it is that takes an oath "whereby he invokes God's help that he may do no falsehood nor consent to the doing of any in court; that he may not wittingly or willingly promote or sue any false, groundless or unlawful suit, nor give aid or consent to the same; that he may delay no man for lucre or malice, but that he may conduct himself with all good fidelity." Guess who takes that oath. But you would never guess it in the world. It is the lawyer.—Kansas City Times.

Not in That Case.
He—Do you believe that if one person gives another a pair of scissors it will cut their friendship?
She—Not if it's a nice little pair of silver scissors with my monogram on.

JAPANESE WOMEN'S CODE.

Teachings Which Have Become Part of the Practice in Every Household.

The work of the Countess Oyama and other Japanese women in organizing the hospital service of Tokio and the various societies for aiding the Japanese army is distinguished for its splendid spirit and its modern method. Anyone who has watched and admired it, says Youth's Companion, will take up with amused wonder a recent book—the translation of the precepts of a Japanese sage, which for generations have been the foundation of feminine training in Japan.

The book itself is not now much used, but its teachings have become a part of the practice of every Japanese household.

"The worst infirmities that afflict the female," says the sage, Kalbura Ekken, "are indolence, sloth, jealousy and silliness. These infirmities are found in seven or eight out of every ten women, and from them arise the inferiority of women to men."

He boldly puts the doctrine of the wife's obedience on an impregnable ground. "Such is the stupidity of woman's character," he says, "that it is incumbent on her in every particular to distrust herself and obey her husband."

The system of rewards and punishment for women extends over this life and the life to come, and maintains an ingenious balance. "A woman must look on her husband," says Kalbura, "as if he were heaven itself, and never weary of thinking how she may yield to her husband, and thus escape celestial chastisement."

Kalbura disapproves for woman indulgence in the pleasures of the theater, of music, of wine, and even of tea. Curiously enough, he would not have her very religious, and this for a reason which no Christian would be likely to guess—a kind of conjugal jealousy of heaven! "The wife," he says, "must not enter into an irreverent familiarity with the gods."

This is a highly oriental view of woman's place in the scheme of things. Yet no one who knows the best Japanese women can doubt that, whether because of Kalbura's teaching, or in spite of it, they are a lovely type of gracious, gentle, vigorous, loyal, achieving womanhood. They may have been slaves in the past, but they were always charming slaves. Now that new Japan is setting them free, their liberty has not destroyed their charm, but enhanced it.

NEW WHAT HE WANTED.

And It Wasn't Anything in the Reading Line, But Something to Eat.

With a bunch of Ottawa people who took in the Pope's state fair the other day was a visiting missionary and an old gentleman who was very deaf, and who had never seen a bill of fare used in a hotel, relates the Kansas City Journal.

The preacher took occasion to distribute a variety of religious tracts through the coaches, and the old gentleman, being unable to take part in the conversation, acquired a collection of the literature and assiduously perused it throughout the trip. He was fairly well sated with religious lore on arriving at his destination.

The first care of the hungry excursionists on reaching the capital city was to secure dinner, and they repaired in a body to one of the principal hotels. The old gentleman was obviously out of his class. It was evident that he was a little bewildered by the unfamiliar usages of a modern hotel, but he made his way with the others through the fair-time press and secured a seat at one of the tables.

He appeared to be surprised as he seated himself. "Pears like we're too early—there ain't no vittles on the table," he remarked to a companion. As he didn't hear the reply it is unnecessary to repeat it here.

"Order, sir," perfunctorily jerked an overworked waiter, pausing behind him and submitting the printed menu. His voice was inaudible to the man with the auricular handicap, who contemptuously waved the paper aside. Puzzled, the knight of the tray passed on, and shortly had an appetizing array of viands spread on both flanks and opposite to our friend so unfortunately ignorant of the conventions.

To the sensation of hunger was added a growing measure of wrath as the old man noted the astonishing fact that everybody in the room but himself appeared to be supplied with food. He began to glare, and his condition being suddenly discovered by the head waiter, that functionary struck the flag of dignity and hastened to personally attend to the neglected guest.

"Your order, sir!"
And again a bill of fare was thrust before the exasperated old gentleman. The latter grasped it and tore it up. Then he roared:

"Blast your infernal tract! I don't want to read; I want something to eat!"

Got Back at Him.

Algernon—I hear that you and Clarence had an altercation last night and he called you evahwything.

Perelval—Yaws, but I got even with him, dear boy. I called him nothing, doncher know.—Chicago Daily News.

Metropolitan Ways.

Visiting Salesman—Pretty slow town, this.
Resident (of Bridgewater)—Oh, not so durn slow; the Carnegie library is spin' it for non-support!—Puck.

WISE BRUIN PUTS MEAT IN STORAGE.

Chittenden, Vt.—The cracker barrel aggregation gathered at the general store last night after a day in the woods spotting deer runways along which city "sports" will be placed later to slaughter bucks, if their aim be true enough, and several indulged in reminiscences. Several pretty fair sporting yarns had been spun when the subject got around to bears. Then Sim White, who lives in Northam when he isn't hunting or fishing or digging ginseng roots, stretched his neck and launched forth into a bear monologue.

"It beats all tarnation how knowin' some of them critters be," he declared, while the rest snickered around in their hard-bottomed chairs and settled down to hear a good one. "Yes, sir, it does beat all tarnation. Between bears, trout and ginseng and the hand of Providence, I've been able to make quite a livin' out o' these 'ere hills for a considerable spell."

"Elder Burbank's yarn touchin' on the varmint 'f Spruce Holler puts me in mind of the time Providence and an ol' he-bear helped me out 'f a middlin' tight fix the middle o' last winter. It was the first 'f January, as I recollect it, and I was choppin' for Deacon Hemmin'way up to the top of Killington peak. It's terrible mean work, choppin', but ye do hafta do it once in a while, and I was cussing my luck and wishin' the fallin' season w'd open and things green up when a snortin' snowstorm hit the peak and made me as blue as a parb'led owl. I had my dinner pail—I uster go home nights—and I was middlin' comfortable, until 'long in the middle of the afternoon, when I seen it wasn't goin' to let up and figured I'd hafta stay out all night."

"So I built me a lean-to out o' some spruce boughs, started a fire and cooked what vittles I had left from noontime. They wasn't over much, and as it was too pecky cold to think o' sleepin' I set up till mornin' for my stomack a-bollerin' for grub something terrible. It got so bad I melted some snow and tried to fill up on water. When it come daylight the storm was ragin' harder'n ever, and I was so hungry I could have eat rabbits, which is worse'n eatin' cat, and I says to myself, 'this 'ere storm is liable to keep up three days an' I'll starve to death if I don't do somethin' mighty quick.'"

"But there didn't seem to be nothin' I could do, for I was penned in and dassan't go more'n thirty foot from the shack for fear o' gettin' lost. I admit I was some discouraged when the wind shifted and I had to move the lean-to over against a pile of rocks to keep the thing from collapsin'. I was fussin' round 'mongst the stones when I discovered the mouth o' a cave, and, thinkin' it would be better inside than out, I lighted a spruce knot torch and scraped my way in."

"Wal, I swan to man, if I didn't get the biggest surprise o' my life when I got to the end o' the passageway 40 feet from the mouth! For, lyin' on a ledge was six pigs with Deacon Hemmin'way's brand on 'em, two rabbits and a ewe lamb. They was frozen stiff and as hard as brickbats. The thrush of every one on 'em had been slit by somethin' sharp, and the innards had been taken out as such as a butcher c'd do it. They was piled reglar, too—lyin' head and tails—and was as fresh as 'ough they had been killed the day before."

"I was wonderin' how in Sam Hill they got in the cave dead, when I heard a heavy breathin' a little beyond and raised the torch. I seen the passageway bellied out into a sorter half-round cave, and that over at one side an ol' he-bear was curled up on a lot o' leaves takin' his winter's snooze. He was lyin' peaceful and unsuspectin', and it came to me in a minute how them carcasses got on the ledge. You see, he was one o' them knowin' critters and he'd laid in a supply o' Deacon Hemmin'way's pigs and a ewe lamb belongin' to Squire Remsen to make a meal on when he woke up in the spring. He knew he'd rouse long before it thawed out, cause the cave faced south and got the fast sun, so he jest figured he'd be provident for once. By contrivance as he did he c'd get several square meals and take on some fat before he set out huntin' his livin'."

"Them pigs was a mighty big god-send to me, now I can tell ye. I jest tipped out with two and in ten minutes I was broilin' pork tenderloin. When I'd filled up I got two more, and when the storm stopped next day I pined for home with enough meat over my shoulders to pay for the time I had to lay off."

"The next day the deacon and me set out after the bear. The deacon allowed he'd order die, seein' as he'd been raidin' his barnyard for three years and had make off with three traps and a pound o' lead fired from the carbine. So we got him to shares, and the deacon was so tickled that he didn't say a word about claimin' the pigs I hadn't eat."—N. Y. World.

Parental Instruction.

Tommy—Paw, what is a campaign slogan?
Paw—It is the political watchword, or rallying cry, of our political party, my son.

Tommy—Don't the other fellows have a slogan, too?
Paw—No, my son. Theirs is a yawp.—Chicago Tribune.

At the Horse Show.

Horse Fancier (with enthusiasm)—Isn't Vanderslukes's Lodemia a beauty?
His Fair Daughter—Where? Where? What has she got on? Whose box is she in?—Chicago Tribune.

More Important.

"Ah! Mrs. Newcomb," said the up-pish Mrs. Subbubs, "my many social duties have prevented me from calling upon you as I should. However, I will surely return your visit some day."

"Oh! that doesn't matter much," replied Mrs. Newcomb, promptly, "but I do wish you'd return the groceries you've borrowed from time to time."—Philadelphia Press.

An Expensive Age.

Father (looking over the paper)—More bad news. A hitherto unknown frog pond has been discovered in Central Africa.

Mother—What is that to us?
Father—What is that to us? It means that every one of our eight children will have to have a new and revised edition of Highprice's geography.—N. Y. Weekly.

Pa's Language.

"Of course, Tommy," said the new minister, "you believe there is such a place as hell?"

"Yes, sir," replied little Tommy Hardman, "that's what Pa sez, anyhow."

"Indeed? What did he say about it?"
"Oh! he don't say anything about it. He just sez it."—Philadelphia Press.

Serious.

Mrs. Bubble—Oh, James, that young De Gaul has eloped with our daughter!

Mr. Bubble—Well, let 'em go. He can have her.

Mrs. Bubble—They went in your automobile and—

Mr. Bubble—Great Scott! why didn't you say so at first? Telephone to the police at once!—Cleveland Leader.

He Knew the Ropes.

"Glad to welcome you into our little family, Mr. Newcomb," said Mrs. Starvem. "Our boarders almost invariably get fat."

"Yes," replied the new boarder, who had just come from the boarding house. "It's a wonder that most of 'em don't!"—Philadelphia Press.

Eight of Them.

"Yess, dear," called the anxious mother from the head of the stairs as the clock in the hall struck the midnight hour. "Have you any idea how late it is?"

"Yes, mamma," answered the dutiful daughter who was plump, fair and 33; "but it's better late than never. Georgia is busy measuring my finger for the ring."—Chicago News.

Confidence Game.

"I've seen a good many balloon ascensions," said the star boarder, "and they were all fakes."

"Didn't they go up all right?" asked one of the other boarders.

"Yes, but they were so tame. I've never seen a balloonist get even the slightest fall."—Chicago Tribune.

That Magnanimity.

First Footpad—Not de guy was bigger dan I fought, an' he wouldn't cough up.

Second Footpad—An' what did you do?

First Footpad—Oh, I displayed some of dat Japanese magnanimity an' let him go.—Chicago Sun.

Domestic Needs.

Husband—Anything you want downtown to-day, my dear? Shall I order some more of that self-raising flour?

Wife—We have plenty left; but I wish you would stop at an intelligence office and order me a self-raising servant girl.—N. Y. Weekly.

Pastoral.

Mary had a little lamb
Upon a famed excursion.
But Mary only sighed and wept
Because he wasn't Persian.
—N. Y. Sun.

A GREAT PROTECTION.



Sambo gets caught in the rain without his umbrella.
How he solves the problem.—Philadelphia Press.

Not His Fault.

I tried to kiss the rosy cheek,
Beneath that charming bonnet.
And yet I failed; I only touched
The fine complexion on it.
—Life.

Modern Convenience.

Little Girl (in church)—Why does so many people put those little envelopes on th' contribution plate?

Little Boy—Them's to keep the peonies from makin' so much noise.—N. Y. Weekly.

Stale.

Stubb—There goes Miss Flasher. Says she is just back from Newport and her complexion is as brown as a nut.

Penn—Yes, a chestnut.—Chicago News.

Thrill 7 Girl.

Her—I'd never carry a penniless French or British duke.

Him—Good for you.

Her—Not if I could get an American oil or coal baron, I mean.—Chicago Sun.

HIS HOPES BLASTED.

This is the true story of a discouraged and wrecked humorist. The victim has recovered entirely and counts it as one of the fortunate things of his life that, as a funny man, he was shipwrecked early.

A few years ago there was a student in one of the leading universities for who the unflicking part of the faculty—any university has some professors not guilty of thinking much—predicted what they called a brilliant future. The young man heard of what they said and believed it, too.

He was known as the college wit. He wrote alleged humorous pieces for the college publications, and when he made speeches at college dinners his auditors were convulsed. Every one seemed to like the youngster—whose name might be McAndrews, although it isn't.

McAndrews was all the more popular because he was working his way through college. He had lived most of his life in New Jersey. One day he was approached for a contribution for an athletic fund.

He frankly said he hadn't any money to spare, but he would give a public humorous lecture in the town hall if the university would rally round him. When he announced that his subject would be "New Jersey—travels in an unknown and foreign land," there was an immediate promise to rally.

And rally that university did. Word was passed around that it was going to be a great show. The glee club was called upon to rehearse grinds on New Jersey in general and on McAndrews in particular.

There was a large advance sale of tickets. McAndrews rose to the occasion. He worked early and late in writing funny things into the lecture. He called all the alleged humorous things ever printed about New Jersey and rewrote them as his own. He picked out all the peculiarly named places in the state, such as Hobokus, and made them the scenes of the things he talked about.

McAndrews wasn't entirely satisfied with the words he wrote and soon decided that he must fortify them. He got an old brick and pounded it up fine. Then he took some white sand, that he got from a saloonkeeper, and mixed it with the pulverized brick. He bottled the mixture, sorted the bottles and labeled them as samples of New Jersey soil, to be passed around in the audience.

Something more was needed, and so he got some brown color flasks, filled them with water and labeled them "Jersey Lightning—Tanglefoot Brand." These also were to be passed around.

To add a finishing touch to the hilarity of the evening McAndrews had a map made, dividing New Jersey into three districts; which he called the Mosquito, Cranberry and Backwoods districts. Then he had stereopticon views made of the mosquitoes, the life size representations of which were as big as barn doors.

The night of the lecture came. The university president and two-thirds of the faculty were present. Scores of well-known townspeople came. A judge of the court of appeals and two supreme court justices in town came also.

From the moment McAndrews opened his mouth to say "according to the latest census returns New Jersey contains 3,729 square miles, 148,746 chickens and 3,897,236,541 mosquitoes" every one of his sentences was greeted with laughter or audible chuckles. His stereopticon pictures caused shouts of joy.

His samples of the soil and Jersey lightning were passed about eagerly. One of the tanglefoot bottles disappeared and a staid doctor of divinity on the faculty was accused of appropriating it. It was a night of great fun, and at its close McAndrews was besieged by scores with their congratulations.

The university president generously said it was the most distinguished audience assembled in that town, with the exception of one that George William Curtis once had. As a humorist McAndrews was a howling success. The entire university was sure of the brilliant future awaiting him.

In that audience was a college girl the chairman of the lecture committee of a neighboring city's college. She too, caught the enthusiasm of the moment and offered McAndrews the munificent sum of \$25 to come to lecture to the girls.

He snapped it up as quickly as a get-rich-quick man does easy money. It was like finding a gold mine.

The girl chairman went home to boom the lecture. She advertised McAndrews as the renowned wit of the United States, the only legitimate successor that Mark Twain would ever have.

The night of that lecture came on, the lecture was given in the college chapel, one of those cold, blue places that are sometimes found in institutions established in the interest of some religious sect.

The college president sat on the platform and his face was grave. His whole aspect seemed to say:

"Young man, this is a holy place. Let no undue levity be attempted here."

McAndrews gave the lecture, and the audience laughed just once.

Years later, when McAndrews came to know Mark Twain, he plucked up courage to write Mr. Clemens to know if he would look that lecture over and say whether there was really anything funny in it. He got a letter in reply telling him to send it along.

Mr. Clemens returned the manuscript later with the remark that it was "quite good." McAndrews then and there gave up all hope of being a humorist.—N. Y. Sun.

Eye-See Jewelry & Optical Co.

SECOND YEAR IN BUSINESS IN PADUCAH.

We offer special values in Solid Gold Watches. Solid Gold Chains. Solid Gold Rings. Solid Gold Link Cuff Buttons. Solid Gold Brooch Pins, Diamond set. Solid Gold Locket. Solid Gold Crosses and Neck Chains. Sterling Silver Spoons. Sterling Silver Toilet Sets. Sterling Silver Novelties. Finest line of Cut Glass. Sterling Silver Bon Bon Dishes. Solid Gold Spectacles and Eye Glasses, properly fitted. J. A. KONETZKA, Optician. 21 years' experience. 311 B'way. Paducah, Ky. A large line of Eagle emblems in stock.

NICE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

W. T. Miller, the piano dealer at 520 Broadway, during the past few days has sold the following orders which are to be delivered as Christmas presents:

ROSETTA OWENS,
R. D. RUSSELL,
HUGHES JAMES,
CLAYTON & HARDY, Hardin, Ky.
JAS. BULGER,
HENRY MITCHINSON,
J. H. HENSON, Benton.
ADDIE TERRELL,
A. H. SLESSER, Carrollville.
DAN GALVIN,
O. B. STARKS, a Grand.
H. L. WALLACE,
FATE WHITLOCK.
One to be delivered Monday.

W. T. MILLER & BROTHERS
520 Broadway.

Holiday Opening!

SEE OUR LINE OF XMAS GOODS WHICH WILL BE ON DISPLAY AFTER THE 15TH. THE BEST VALUE FOR THE MONEY IN THE CITY AT PRICES FROM 25c TO \$5.00.

ALVEY & LIST,
DUBOIS, KOLB & CO.'S OLD STAND.

Most Fragrant Perfumes

Both American and Foreign—assortments which include the newest and daintiest perfumes as well as the old favorite odors. Prices always reasonable—None excessive.

J. H. Oehlschlaeger,
DRUG GIST
SIXTH AND BROADWAY
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Will practice in all courts of Ken.

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Entered at the postoffice of Paducah, Ky., as second-class mail matter.

One Year.....\$5.00
Six Months.....2.50
Three Months.....1.25
One Week......10

Anyone failing to receive this paper regularly should report the matter to The Register office at once. Telephone Cumberland 318.



Tuesday Morning, Dec. 26, 1905.

Reform Needed in Paducah.

It is unfortunate for Paducah that crime seems to be rampant at this time, and the notoriety gained abroad will have a bad effect upon the city. The good citizens may work and pull together for "A Greater Paducah," and the good accomplished in a year can be overturned by the vicious element in a week. Paducah will have an uphill pull to be a great city, until the good citizens take a hand and demand a radical change in the matter of the enforcement of the laws. There are too many idle men in Paducah, especially negroes. Idleness begets crime, and the first move by the police should be to drive every able-bodied loafer from the streets, and if they will not work, to drive them from the city. It is folly for men to invest their money in a city, locate their families there and then to ignore conditions that are a menace to its moral and financial upbuilding. The many dives and joints throughout the city are responsible for the reckless spirit that seems to prevail in Paducah. We right now venture the prediction, that unless the authorities show some life towards suppressing the notorious places that in less than twelve months a wave of reform will sweep over this city that will put out of business every doubtful resort, and along with it a clean, clear-cut change in the government. The good people are talking and thinking, and all they need is a leader. Men of affairs are slow to act, for their time is fully engaged in business matters, but once let the wave begin to roll and it will sweep everything before it.

Go After the Shysters.

The attention of certain shyster lawyers in Paducah is called to the following paragraph from the Louisville Courier-Journal: "For twenty years a menace to public decency," these are the words which District Attorney Jerome applies to Abe Hummel. They are harsh, keen words, and they sting, but they are apt. Other unscrupulous lawyers, wherever they exist, are also "menaces to public decency." The self-respecting and high-minded men of the profession of law could do on greater service to the human race and no higher homage to their profession than to drive them out of business and into the penitentiaries. Above all else, give us clean courts and clean lawyers."

And also to another paragraph from the Louisville Times, which says: "Lawyer Abe Hummel is receiving considerable attention just now over receiving his just deserts for unworthy conduct as a member of an honored profession. In every city in this country there can be found one or more lawyers of the Abe Hummel type, and it looks like a general regenerating throughout 1906 may find disbarment and prison bars for others of like ilk."

We heartily agree with the two Louisville papers that there are a number of men in the legal profession who should be in the penitentiary—they belong there, and if they get their just deserts they will be there.

While the local bar association is taking up the question of a change in the terms of the circuit court, they should devote some attention to the shyster gentry that is a disgrace to the profession and a menace to the welfare of Paducah. We understand that much evidence can be ob-

tained to clearly show up certain jacklegs who have been guilty of barratry by inciting vicious and unwarranted litigation.

It is stated in the dispatches from Owensboro that the grand jury of that county has just returned an indictment against the ex-mayor, charging him with the offense of gambling while mayor.

We know nothing of this particular case, but there are instances of Kentucky officeholders in this neighborhood of being guilty of violating their oaths of office by gambling, getting drunk and in many other ways violating the laws which they take an oath to observe and obey. The man who takes the oath of office and wilfully disregards his oath is not fit to hold the office, and the grand juries should see that they are indicted and forced out of office. When officers of the law become lawbreakers, what is the community to expect from the masses generally?

Apples Cure for Drunkenness.

An exchange is authority for the statement of a physician that apples possess virtue as a cure for drunkenness. The treatment is certainly simple and harmless enough to justify a trial of it, and even if it fails the fruit is wholesome and healthy. The exchange says:

"For ten years," said a physician, "I have advocated apples as a cure for drunkenness. In that time I have tried the apple cure on some forty or fifty drunkards, and my success has been most gratifying. 'Let any man afflicted with the love of drink eat three or more apples daily, and the horrible craving will gradually leave him. The cure will be greatly helped along if he also smokes as little as possible. 'I know a woman who cured a drunken husband without his knowledge by keeping always a plentiful supply of good apples on the dining table. The man ate these apples, and finally stopped drinking altogether.'"

Next week the eyes of the politicians and the public generally will be centered on Frankfort. The candidates for United States senator have opened headquarters at the capital and with their forces are lining up for the fray. The race in which no one but professional politicians are interested has overshadowed the real business of the coming legislature and the business of the people will be neglected and sacrificed for the benefit of the politicians. Elsewhere is given the forecast of the Louisville Herald on the senatorial situation, and as that paper is republican and with no particular interest in the matter, the account may be taken as reliable.

Yesterday was an ideal Christmas for this latitude—bright, crisp and cold. It was the great day of the year in nearly every home in the city. Parents and their loved ones felt its sweet influences, and were stimulated for life's great battle. The joys of Christmas can only be found in the family circle, or in doing good.

Christmas has passed into history, and with it the usual number of accidents and crime, which, however, are not the fault of the day but of the passions, dispositions and carelessness of those who take advantage of the day to celebrate it according to their vicious ideas.

SEES BROTHER ON SCREEN

Moving Picture Causes Re-union of Nebraska Relatives.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 25.—A moving picture scene at a local theater has been the means of uniting the Gebhart brothers after a long separation. Adolph Gebhart attended an exhibition of the kind a few nights ago and while watching the pictures thrown on the screen was much startled to see the likeness of his missing brother appear in one of the scenes. He sought the manager after the performance and found out where the picture had been obtained. Acting on information furnished him by that official Gebhart immediately succeeded in locating his brother and a happy reunion followed.

The manager of the moving picture exhibition says other instances have been known of lost people being found in this manner, but such events are in noways common.

J. Brown Lewman, Thaddeus W. Spindle, J. C. Dodd, John Thomas and Hughes Moore, all Louisville young men prominent in business and social affairs, narrowly escaped death by drowning after spending forty-eight hours imprisoned in a small naphtha launch on the Gulf of Mexico during one of the worst storms of the season. They finally were rescued after working valiantly to save their boat.

THE SENATORSHIP

HONOR MAY BE WON BY ANY ASPIRANT YET.

So Figures the Louisville Commercial—Its Calculations and Some Other Statements.

	Sen.	Rep.	Total
Blackburn	12	31	43
Paynter	13	27	40
Haldeman	3	7	10
Doubtful	3	9	12

With the Democratic caucus less than ten days off and three candidates striving to reach the coveted goal, a seat in the United States senate, the fight is yet to be won, says the Louisville Herald, as neither senator Blackburn, Mr. Haldeman nor Judge Paynter has enough votes to nominate, as the figures given above will show. The Herald's poll, which is as accurate as it is possible to get it at the present time, disclosed the fact that neither Senator Blackburn nor Judge Paynter, the contending candidates, will be able to win on the first ballot, and the indications are that there will be a deadlock.

Key to Situation.

The poll of the members of the legislature discloses another important item, and that is that the Louisville delegation holds the key to the situation. W. B. Haldeman, editor of the Louisville Times, is a factor to be reckoned with. While his chances for election are exceedingly slim, he has it in his power to name the senator. The ten votes of the Louisville delegation are pledged to him absolutely. As long as his name is before the caucus Mr. Haldeman will be voted for by the seven representatives and the three senators representing Louisville and Jefferson county. If he is able to deliver these votes to the candidate of his choice—and many believe that he can—the next senator from Kentucky will owe his election more to Mr. Haldeman than to any one else.

Doubtful Votes.

The poll made by the Herald gives Senator Blackburn forty-three votes and Judge Paynter forty votes. Both candidates are absolutely sure of this number, and, of course, will increase their vote out of the doubtful column. In the doubtful, or non-committal column, there are twelve votes. It is believed that Judge Paynter will receive a majority of these. Senator Blackburn's managers claim that he will receive five of the votes now considered doubtful, which would give him a total of forty-eight votes, five short of the nomination. Judge Paynter's managers claim nine of the doubtful votes, and it is believed that their claims are well founded, and it is not unlikely that he will receive forty-seven votes when the first ballot is taken. He will still be six votes short of the coveted goal, however. That Senator Blackburn will receive three of the votes in the doubtful column is probable; he may possibly get the five votes claimed for him by his managers, but he will hardly get more.

Haldeman's Strength.

Mr. Haldeman is assured of ten votes, but his managers claim that he will get thirteen on the first ballot. Two representatives who are recorded for Paynter and one recorded for Blackburn are claimed by the friends of the Louisville editor. They are not making extravagant claims, but they predict several surprises when the first ballot is taken.

Both Senator Blackburn and Judge Paynter profess to have enough votes to nominate on the first ballot, but the unprejudiced observer and the close student of things political declare that their claims are without foundation. The well-posted politicians, men who have devoted practically all their time to politics, insist that the fight is yet to be won. They place no faith in the extravagant claims made by Blackburn and Paynter managers, but predict a deadlock, with the key to the situation in the hands of the Louisville delegation.

RACE RIOT IN CHICAGO

SUPPRESSED BY POLICE.

Two Italians and One Negro Seriously Injured in Fight.

Chicago, Dec. 25.—In a race riot between Italians and negroes at One Hundred and Eightieth and Dearborn streets last night, two Italians were shot and severely injured and a negro man was stabbed, but not fatally injured.

The police of the Twenty-second street station, after liberal use of their clubs on the heads of both factions, forced peace between them.

As a result of the riot, which lasted for more than twenty minutes, and in which more than 300 people participated, both races are on the alert and the police fear a renewal of the fight.

Many of the participants suffered slight bruises, but the police were unable to learn their names. Twenty persons were arrested after the riot.

For some time ill feeling has existed between the negro and Italian residents in the neighborhood of Dearborn street and several street fights have occurred recently.



Gift Shoes

THE demand for sensible things for Christmas gifts is on the increase. That is one reason why we are selling so many "Dorothy Dodd" shoes for that purpose. Another reason is found in the beauty of the shoes themselves, and in their obvious appropriateness for Christmas gifts. What more delicate compliment can be paid to woman than an appreciation of her pretty foot, daintily shod? The "Dorothy Dodd" shoe is itself such a compliment. It gives a woman's foot a different look from those of the crowd. And the line affords shoes for every type of feet and for every kind of service. Grant us the favor of showing them.



\$3.50

&

\$3.00

Then as an afterthought, remember the moderate and economical prices asked for this really beautiful high class footwear. Three-fifty and three dollars the pair.

George Rock Shoe Company

SELLERS OF SHOES AND SATISFACTION.

321 BROADWAY.

LAX MORALS

MADE THE TEXT OF A SERMON BY A PITTSBURG MINISTER.

Crimes of Millionaires Especially the Excuse for Some Vigorous and Plain Language.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 25.—The sensational conduct of Pittsburg millionaires abroad and the newspaper stories of the doings of local sons in the "white light" of Broadway, New York last night, afford sensational themes for prominent Pittsburg clergymen. The Rev. John I. Jayne, pastor of the Observatory Hill Christian church, went at the transgressors in rough fashion. He called a spade a spade, and severely reprimanded men who might have appeared in the United States.

"Chords and Discords in Our Christmas Anthems" was his theme. "Our newspapers," he asserted in tonight's sermon, "reek with the scandal of rich men, smashing the tenderest of ties and violating, for the sake of passion, the holiest of obligations."

"We read of the so-called Christian men, posing as the friends of boys and young men when at home, yet leading the double life when away from the restraint and conventionality of church relations."

"We read of multi-millionaires for saking the wives of their youth, who had toiled with them through the days of their poverty, and lusting after the strange woman, whose only ornament is her pretty face, whose only grace is her voluptuous way."

False Leaders.

"We read of Sunday school teachers and Bible school superintendents scattering their money with lavish hand to build up a great school, and then, by an act of sheer devilry, breaking down their influences and making their scholars deeper-dyed villains than they otherwise would have been but for the rotten example of those leaders whose wealth turned them from the God of their fathers to worship at the shrine of an illicit and unholy love."

"Our divorce courts are crowded to the doors, not only with dissatisfied men and men in the lower walks of life, and the middle, but in the so-called higher, where culture is supposed to reign, but where, alas, cunning sits triumphant, viewing with joy the work of home-breaking."

Incompatibility.

"We are reading today of fifteen so-called leaders of finance, fashion

Handsome Christmas Gifts AT BLEICH'S JEWELRY STORE

224 Broadway, Paducah, Ky.

To Improve and Preserve Your Beauty USE NADINE FACE POWDER



THE NADINOLA GIRL

In Green Boxes Only. SUPERIOR IN QUALITY. HARMLESS AS WATER.

Nadine Face Powder is compounded and purified by a newly discovered process. Produces a beautiful, soft velvet appearance, which remains until washed off. Ladies who use Nadine Face Powder in green boxes are sure the complexion will be fresh and lovely at close of the evening.

The quality is unequalled. Buy one 50 cent package and if you are not entirely satisfied notify us, and we will promptly refund your money. Sold by leading druggists, or mail. Price 50 cents. White, Flesh, Pink, Brunett.

NATIONAL TOILET CO., Paris, Tenn.

Sold in Paducah by all leading druggists.

and faithfulness, who are about to sue in our divorce courts for divorce from their wives on the ground of incompatibility. Incompatibility! It's a word that reeks with the stench of the pit, and is a hell's blanket for covering the licentiousness and immorality of those who use it."

"Presumably, a true-hearted woman is incompatible to her husband when she refuses to consent for him to intensify the bright, white light of Broadway with the flames of a degrading passion, ministered to by some foul courtesan of the slums, or a debased daughter who, from stenographer to a millionaire, has descended to become his mistress."

Any decent wife would be incompatible under such circumstances, and she should be so incompatible for the sake of children who are disgraced by such a father, no matter what his relations or standing in church or society."

W. E. Corey failed to arrive in Pittsburg today. It is doubtful now whether the reconciliation between

him and his wife will occur on Christmas. The millionaire steel magnate has remembered intimate friends and relatives in Braddock, forwarding costly Christmas presents.

Mrs. Charles McGroarty, his wife's sister, received a check for \$500. It was carried to her by her husband, who went to New York last week as the special ambassador of Mrs. Corey, to deliver that lady's ultimatum to her husband.

Mrs. Corey sent word that nothing could reconcile her at this time except an agreement from Ellis to sever his friendship entirely with Mabel Gilman and openly live with her as his wife. Ellis Corey is said to have calmly considered the proposition. He sent Mr. McGroarty with a message to Mrs. Corey, with a letter, in which it is said, he promised to pay \$1,000,000, but he desired, on the other hand, that she live in Pittsburg and he in New York.

Mrs. Corey spent a quiet Christmas. Many friends called, but few were received.

Largest Stock

Lowest Prices

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Paducah's Only Exclusive Furniture Dealers

The Paducah Furniture Manufacturing Co.

BOTH PHONES 72

SALES ROOMS 114-116-207-213 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

GOT CERTIFICATE

MAYOR MCLELLAN, OF NEW YORK, GETS CREDENTIALS FOR OFFICE.

'Tis Said Hearst Will Make No Further Fight for the Office—Act Regarded Final.

New York, Dec. 25.—One day late, but none the less, welcome, a Christmas present of a certificate of election was presented today to Mayor McClellan and the other candidates who, on the face of the returns, were successful in the last election.

Alderman Reginald C. Doull, chairman of the board of canvassers for Manhattan and the Bronx, put the finishing touches on the package containing the corrected figures late on Saturday night. The canvassers in the other boroughs had already finished their work and forwarded the results to the board of elections, and now nothing remains to be done except to file away the figures and issue the certificates.

Even though this formal announcement of victory may follow the most bitter contest of an election in the history of the city and one of its hardest fought campaigns, there will be no special function in connection with the presentation of the certificates. It will be made known to the successful candidates that they have been declared elected and within a few days they will be sworn in, ready to take up their duties on the first day of the New Year.

Exact figures have not been given out, but it is known that the plurality of Mayor McClellan has been reduced by about 300 from the figures given out by the police on election night, giving him by the corrected figures a plurality over William R. Hearst of about 3,400.

Pay Election Bets.

Part of the reduction came from the comparison which was made at the instance of Mr. Hearst of the tally sheets with the election returns and the remainder from the ruling made by Judge Giegerich on ballots which had been thrown out by the inspectors as void.

Seventeen of the 300 had to be taken from McClellan's plurality because of the miscounts discovered in the four election districts, the boxes of which were opened and their contents recounted before the court of appeals held that this was a violation of the election law. It was maintained by the supporters of Mr. Hearst that the tally sheets gave McClellan a plurality of only 2,117, but all of these figures were not admitted to the Tammany forces.

No opposition will be made on behalf of Mr. Hearst to the issuance of a certificate to Mayor McClellan, but there has been no withdrawal of the announced plan to ask the legislature to make a complete investigation of the election. With the evidence brought out in such an inquiry as a basis, it is declared that quo warranto proceedings will be instituted to test the right of the mayor to hold his office.

Election bets, however, will be paid without more delay. About \$1,500,000 has been tied up in the hands of stakeholders since before the election. It has been announced by most of the Wall street and other stakeholders that regardless of a continuance of the contest by quo warranto proceedings, the bets will be paid.

The Law Will Take Its Course.

(Breathitt News.)

We observe from the daily papers that the governor has offered a reward for the arrest of Jacob Jere and Green Noble for the alleged murder of Grant Holiday. We think the offer of this reward is entirely unnecessary, as we are reliably informed that the Nobles are ready and willing to deliver themselves up to the officers of the law as soon as it is made evident to them that they will have a fair trial, but we understand they say that they do not want to be tried by their enemies. They want a trial, not a persecution. There is no need about this business, as some seem to want to make it appear. The law will take its course. These boys will have a fair trial and if they are guilty they will be punished, but if innocent they will be turned loose.

Governor Higgins confident that James W. Wadsworth, Jr., will be elected speaker of the New York state assembly.

TWENTY-FIVE CLUBS RAIDED BY POLICE.

Charged With Selling Liquor Without License—Only Proprietors and Bartenders Held.

St. Louis, Dec. 25.—Throughout the city the police were busy yesterday and last evening making raids on the twenty-five clubs which the police say have been operating without licenses and in defiance of the law.

Twenty-five places in all were closed, in many instances every man found in the quarters being taken to the various police stations. There all those not actively engaged in the conduct of the clubs were permitted to go after they had given their names. The proprietors and the bartenders were held and charges of selling liquor without licenses were placed against them.

In four instances the places were raided twice. Shortly after the police had arrested the bartenders, it is said, other persons opened the club rooms and went right along lifting the lid.

WELCHED HIS POKER LOSS.

Minneapolis Man Said to Have Repudiated Debt of \$12,000.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 25.—In the underground world of Minneapolis, where men of commercial prominence and financial responsibility congregate and where affairs between gentlemen are discussed, there runs the story of a big poker game that came off a few days ago in Minneapolis in which a man of more than ordinary business and social prominence having dropped \$12,000 "welched" and refused to make good. The man who, it is the gossip, "slept down" on his losses and refused to make good is not a regular trader on the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, but devotes himself more particularly to extensive outside interests. The gossip says that a long run of hard luck, followed by a final loss of \$12,000, turned him sour and he repudiated the last loss. There is no law by which a gambling debt may be collected.

MASONIC ELECTION.

Paducah Lodge Elected and Installed Officers Last Night.

Paducah Lodge, No. 127, F. & A. M. last night elected and installed the following officers, viz:

Fred Acker, master; J. T. Sanders, senior warden; O. T. Anderson, junior warden; Charles Holliday, secretary; Dr. J. T. Reddick, treasurer; and W. C. Lee, Tyler.

The appointive officers will be named and installed the second Monday night in January. Mr. Fred Acker was also nominated as the director from that lodge in the Masonic and Odd Fellows Building company.

Plain City Lodge No. 449, F. & A. M., will hold its annual election of officers tomorrow night.

Paducah Commandery No. 11, K. T., will meet in stated convocation tonight.

The Doll Drawing.

Tickets 5302, 1632, 4089, 5262, 7028 are the lucky numbers in the drawing for the big doll at Harbour's Book Department.

We will reserve the big doll all day Tuesday for the customer who has ticket No. 5302. If no one claims the doll before Wednesday, the one who holds ticket No. 1632 can get the doll for their ticket. On Thursday, if no one has gotten the doll, the holder of ticket No. 4089 can have the doll for their ticket. On Friday, if the doll is still on our hands, the holder of ticket No. 5262 can exchange his ticket for the doll, and on Saturday the holder of ticket No. 7028 can get the doll if no one else has called. Five tickets were drawn out and every one gets a present.

If you have any one of the above numbers, bring it to us and you get a pretty doll free.

Harbour's Book Department.

FALSE ALARM.

Called the Fire Department to Seventh and Washington Streets.

Last evening about 8:30 o'clock the fire department was called to Seventh and Washington streets by a false alarm.

Yesterday afternoon fire broke out amongst some old rags and trash on the second floor of Phil Stephen's place, at Ninth and Commerce streets, but did no damage to amount to anything.

POPE WILL SEND PRESENT TO MISS ROOSEVELT.

Rome, Dec. 25.—Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the president of the United States, is to receive a bridal gift from Pope Pius X, according to well-informed sources, and a special messenger may be dispatched with the present.

The gift will take the form of a beautiful mosaic, from the Vatican, which contains probably the choicest collection in the world. It has not been decided whether Monsignor Falconio, apostolic delegate to the United States, shall present the gift. The belief obtains, though, that the Pontiff will dispatch a special envoy with the offering.

CUTTING DIDN'T PAN OUT.

It Is Said the Woman Had Been Hurt in a Fight.

It was reported late last night that Annie Brewer, colored, had been badly cut by another woman in a fight down in Tin Can alley, which is in the extreme northern part of the city. The matter was referred to the police and investigated, but the woman could not be located nor being at home. Her mother said Annie had come home in the evening early and said she had been fighting, but that she was not cut so far as she could see, and soon left the house.

FORMER MAYOR IS IN. DICTED AT OWENSBORO.

Owensboro, Ky., Dec. 25.—Martin Yewell, whose term as mayor of Owensboro expired a few days ago, was indicted by the Daviess county grand jury on the charge of gambling. The alleged offense was committed while he was mayor. Scores of other indictments were returned for the alleged violation of the anti-gambling law.

One Child Kills Another.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Harrison, of the Rossington neighborhood, are mourning the loss of their infant baby which was accidentally killed by its brother. The brother is three years of age and while playing with the infant accidentally struck her in the head with the rung of a chair, killing the tot instantly. The remains were buried at the New Liberty church cemetery.

The British foreign office expresses pleasure at Secretary Root's order denying Americans right to ship Newfoundland fishing crews.

The senate is preparing to make bitter fight on president's administration of isthmian canal affairs.

Nicholas Longworth's ambition to become ambassador to foreign court will be deterred for three years by marriage to Miss Alice Roosevelt.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

In pursuance of a judgment of McCracken Circuit Court, rendered at its October term, 1905, in the action of Emma Owen, etc., plaintiff, against Mattie Doptson, defendant, I will, on Monday, January 1, 1906 (about the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.), 1906 (being Circuit Court day), at the Court House door in Paducah, Kentucky, sell to the highest bidder, on a credit of six months, the following described property, viz:

A certain lot or parcel of ground, lying and being in the city of Paducah, McCracken county, Kentucky, and beginning at a point on Seventh street (formerly Poplar street) forty feet from an alley; thence north with Seventh street and towards Harris street, a distance of forty feet; thence west and towards Seventh street across lots Nos. 190, 191 and 192, a distance of one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles south forty feet towards an alley and towards Campbell street; thence at right angles east a distance of one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the beginning on Seventh street. Said property being situated on the west side of Seventh street, between Campbell and Harris streets, in addition "E" to the city of Paducah, Kentucky, and being parts of lots Nos. 190, 191 and 192 in block "L." See deed book "28." Page 156, McCracken County Court Clerk's office, to satisfy said judgment, interest and cost.

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, bearing interest at 6 per cent from day of sale, having force of replevin bond, on which execution may issue when due.

This 16th day of December, 1905. CECIL REED, Master Com.

F. H. PURYEAR, Attorney.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Fur Top Felt Slippers, all colors, - - - \$1.00

Congress Felt Slippers, - - - \$1.00

Velvet Slippers, all colors, - - - \$1.00

Warm Lined Shoes, - - - \$1.00

Men's Slippers, all styles.

Little Gents' Rubber Boots, 5 to 11, - - \$1.25

CALL EARLY AND GET CHOICE.

Lendler & Lydon

Phone 675.

CASH ONLY.

309 Broadway.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

In pursuance of a judgment of McCracken Circuit Court, rendered at its October term, 1905, in the action of Verlie Gardner, etc., petitioners ex parte, I will, on Monday, January 1, 1906 (about the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.), 1906 (being Circuit Court day), at the Court House door in Paducah, Kentucky, sell to the highest bidder, on a credit of six months, the following described property, viz:

Lot No. 1, of the subdivision of lot Nos. 1 and 2 of the land of Mrs. V. A. Grace, deceased, as shown by plat recorded in Order book No. 8, page 634, in the office of the Clerk of McCracken Circuit Court, dated March 20th, 1880, and is bounded and described as follows:

"Beginning at a point on the north side of Court street (now Kentucky avenue)" if extended, where it intersects the old city boundary line, as is shown in the aforesaid plat; thence along the north line of Court street, if extended, in a westerly direction, 117 feet 6 inches; thence at right angles and in a southerly direction, about 35 feet to the said Court street, if extended; thence at right angles and in a westerly direction, 136 feet to the line of lot No. 3 of the old Garrett tract; thence at right angles, and in a southerly direction and with the line of lot No. 3, 199 feet to the line of lot No. 2, as shown in the aforesaid plat; thence in a northeasterly direction and with the line dividing lots Nos. 1 and 2, as shown in said plat, 274 feet 6 inches to the old city boundary line; thence with said old city boundary line to the beginning."

The purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security, bearing interest at 6 per cent from day of sale, having force of replevin bond, on which execution may issue when due.

This 16th day of December, 1905. CECIL REED, Master Com.

Henrick, Miller & Marble, Attorneys.

George M. McKelvey, one of the most prominent men of Youngstown Ohio, committed suicide while despondent over ill health.

Miss Lulu Bowen, clerk of a substation of the Oakland, Cal., post office, was arrested charged with embezzlement.

Mrs. A. B. Dibble, first president and one of the founders of the National W. C. T. U., died at Grass Valley, Cal.

The postoffice at St. Matthews was robbed Sunday morning of about \$50, \$16 of which was in one-cent pieces.

Four persons were killed and a fifth is dying as a result of poisoning at a banquet at Torreon, Mex.

Former United States Senator Bard, of California, was seriously injured in a runaway at Oxnard, Cal.

The members of the three principal denominations in Canada will vote for a united church in 1906.

Mormons have raised a monument to Joseph Smith, their founder, in the latter's Vermont birthplace.

New York supreme court holds the right of the Royal Arcanum council to change its rates.

Premier Rouvier's election to French presidency as a dark horse candidate is not unexpected.

'WANNER'

Offers the following Christmas Suggestions:

FOR THE LADIES.

Solitary Diamond Rings	\$5.00 to \$200.00
Diamond Brooches	5.00 to 75.00
Diamond Cluster Ring	7.50 to 75.00
Gold Brooches	3.00 to 15.00
Watches	5.00 to 100.00
Set Rings	1.00 to 50.00
Neck Chains	1.00 to 10.00
Bracelets	1.50 to 15.00
Locketts	1.00 to 25.00
Collar Pins	.50 to 5.00
Hat Pins	.25 to 5.00
Crosses	.50 to 5.00
Silver Toilet Sets	5.00 to 25.00
Back Combs	.75 to 5.00
Brushes, all kinds	.50 to 8.00
Toilet Sets	1.00 to 10.00
Cut Glass Bowls	3.00 to 15.00
Cut Glass Tumblers, per set of six	2.00 to 8.00
Italian Terra Cotta Vases	.60 to 10.00
Hand-painted China Plates	1.00 to 5.00

FOR THE MEN.

Diamond Rings	\$25.00 to \$125.00
Signet Rings	3.00 to 10.00
Initial Rings	5.00 to 15.00
Watch Fobs	1.50 to 10.00
Chains	1.75 to 12.00
Shirt Studs	.50 to 10.00
Stick Pins	.50 to 20.00
Emblem Chains	1.50 to 10.00
Shaving Cup and Set	1.50 to 7.50
Cigar Jars	1.75 to 6.00
Military Brushes	.75 to 10.00
Shaving Mirrors	2.50 to 10.00
Cloth Brushes	1.00 to 7.50
Whisk Brooms	1.50 to 5.00
Fountain Pens	1.00 to 10.00
Paper Cutters	.50 to 2.00
Hat Brushes	1.00 to 3.00
Umbrellas	4.50 to 10.00
Match Boxes	.75 to 5.00
Stamp Boxes	.50 to 1.00

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Silver Mugs	.75 to 6.00
Brush and Comb Sets	1.50 to 3.00
Sterling Spoons	1.50 to 2.00
Dress Pin Sets	.50 to 2.50
Neck Chains	1.00 to 5.00
Locketts	.50 to 15.00
Bracelets	1.00 to 5.00
Knife, Spoon and Fork Sets	1.50 to 5.00

"If you Buy it at Wanner's Its Good."

J. L. Wanner, Jeweler.

PHONE 772A

428 BROADWAY.

A CLEAN UP BEFORE CHRISTMAS

TOYS ARE ALL SOLD-OUT. DOLLS ARE NEARLY GONE. ALBUMS AND LAMPS GOING FAST. SOME CUT GLASS STILL WITH US.

BOOK BARGAINS BIGGER THAN EVER.

WHAT MADE THESE GOODS GO SO FAST? IT WAS THE PRICE, FRIENDS. PRICES DID IT! HURRY! HURRY! TO GET YOUR CHOICE AT BARGAINS STILL HERE.

HARBOUR'S BOOK DEPARTMENT

WHO WILL GET THE DOLL? GET YOUR TICKETS AND WATCH.

CANNON STOPS HAIL.

SATISFACTORY RESULTS OF EXPERIMENTS IN FRANCE.

Damage from Storms Absolutely Checked in Localities Where Firing Has Been Done.

The cannon defense against hail forms the subject of a report to the state department by United States Consul Covert at Lyon, France. The Hall Cannon society of Limas has prepared a report on the use of the cannon during the past year. The report deals with the experience of 23 cannon-firing societies, which used 462 cannon in a number of storms. It appears that during the 15 years prior to the use of cannon the losses from hail amounted to about \$3,038,000, and that during the five years in which cannon have been in use in the same territory the losses were but \$159,412. During the year 1904 the same communes sustained no losses whatever, a fact attributed entirely to use of cannon. The writer of the report says:

"We base our confidence in the efficacy of the firing on the fact that the thunder and lightning ceased, the wind abated and the clouds disappeared under the firing of the cannon, and a mild fall of rain and soft snow succeeded. These facts are undeniable."

The report reviews the results of the firing in 23 storms during the months of April, May, June, July and September. The results are generally the same—cessation of the thunder and lightning, dispersion of the clouds and a slight fall of rain and snow. Where no cannon were used the hail fell and caused serious damages. "The communes not defended by cannon suffered enormously." In speaking of one storm the report says:

"This storm was literally arrested at the east on the boundaries of the firing. In the northwest and a little distance from the cannon a hurricane swept over the country with violence, everywhere causing great damage."

The report contains several pages on the storm of July 22, 1904, which caused great damage in some parts of the country not protected by the cannon. This hurricane caused incalculable damage in 23 communes. Two communes, Lozanne and Belmont, were entirely desolated, but they had but a few cannon, one six and the other eight. They are separated by a great distance from the country that is provided with cannon. The mayor of Lozanne, who is the president of the society for defense against the hail, wrote that his neighbors found themselves upon the edge of the communes where there was no defense against the hail and were unable to resist a storm of such violence. He says:

"During the first few minutes of the storm the firing was followed by the falling of a few soft hailstones, and everybody noticed, even in that general storm, that the thunder and lightning diminished as the firing continued, and that the diminution was caused by the cannon." In several places all traces of vegetation disappeared and the conformation was great in the wine-growing communes. The mayor of Belmont reports that the firing was powerless in his commune on account of the small number of cannon.

The report mentions several localities where the firing was very active, and it says the hail was checked when the firing commenced. In the country known as Arbresle there were, from all accounts, but few cannon in use, and the destruction from hail was widespread and disastrous.

In the great Beaujolais wine district, where the country "fairly bristled with cannon," the farmers say that they found it necessary to fire only on the boundaries of the large vineyards, and that, as a rule, but very little firing occurred in the center of the field. The consul says he has met a dozen or more large wine growers who assert emphatically that they have not the remotest doubt of the efficacy of the cannon to destroy the hail in the clouds and to turn it into a mild rain.

"The use of cannon against the hail," says Consul Covert, "will undoubtedly continue in France until some authority appointed by the government shall assume control of the experiments and demonstrate its impotency, if such a thing be possible. The farmers of Arbresle, where but few cannon were used, are preparing to wage a more effective campaign against the hail next year. Their president and the other officers of their societies are of the opinion that the sole cause of their losses this year was the failure to use a sufficient number of cannon."

The 'Strain of American Life.'
April 16, 1898.—Speaking of the "strain of American life," W. de laed that "every man is trying to outdo every other man—giving up modesty, giving up honesty, giving up generosity, to do it; creating a war, every man against every man; the whole wretched business falsely keyed by money-ideals, money-politics, money-religions, money-men."—With Walt Whitman in Camden, in Can tury.

Force of Habit.
According to the New York Sun, a physician started a model insane asylum with a special ward for crazy chauffeurs and motorists.
"But I don't see any patients," said a visitor to whom the automobile ward was shown.
"Oh," the physician replied, "they're all under the cotn fixing the stnats."

RING THE CURSE OF SPAIN

Simple Band Is Known as 'Mephisto's' and Brings Misfortune to Dynasty.

There is always a distinction and a sort of pride in possessing something which no one else has, even if that something is reputed to be a dispenser of misfortune and history can show that the possessor is sure to get into trouble through it. Until very recently the Spanish royal family was in this unenviable position and this lasted from about the middle of the sixteenth century until after the time of the Spanish-American war.

This unique but unfortunate possession is nothing more or less than an innocent-looking but rather wonderful ring, and because it is reputed to be the carrier of ill luck it has been dubbed "Mephisto's ring." In appearance it is similar to an ordinary marriage band of solid gold with the exception that it is set with a large and perfect emerald, the center of which has been hollowed out and contains a ruby so cut as to exactly. Around these at the edge of the emerald are alternately set pearls and diamonds of about the size of pin heads.

Although this ring is said to be quite valuable and to have a wonderful history attached to it, no one can be found in Spain who is willing to take it even as a gift, and this because it is universally known what "Mephisto's ring" means.

This evil ornament came into Spanish possession at the time of the reign of Philip II., but how no one seems to know. History tells that during the reign of this monarch and those of his successors, Philip III. and Philip IV., the country was slowly but surely in decline. This ring was in the possession of all these kings. From the reign of Philip IV. to that of Charles IV. the ring cannot be traced, but it then again springs into existence, and history tells of the disastrous wars between Spain and England during the time of the last-named monarch.

Next Philip's son, who ascended the Spanish throne as Ferdinand III., is taken prisoner by Napoleon and the Spanish throne is given to the brother of the French emperor. Then comes the Carlist rebellion under Ferdinand's daughter, Isabella II., and the banishment of Queen Christina; the war with the Moors; the banishment of Queen Isabella in 1868; the general scenes of anarchy and bloodshed during the years of 1873 and 1874, and finally the quarrels between Spain and her colonies, which resulted in the disastrous Spanish-American war.

At the time of the commencement of the recent war between Spain and the United States this ring was presented by the Spanish royal family to a church in the hope that having a religious institution as its owner its evil effects would be averted. This did nothing toward changing its influence, for almost immediately after its reception by the church this house of worship was burned to the ground, and the ring was thereupon returned to its donor.

It was then given to a museum, but, like the church, this was also destined to receive harm, for it was twice (a thing said never to happen) struck by lightning. The ring was again returned to the Spanish royal family, where it remained for some time. The last defeat of the Spanish army and navy is claimed to be due to this ring.

At present no one will take the responsibility of the ownership of this jewel, so it has been placed in a strong box and secretly buried.

Explosive Gems.

It is not uncommon for a diamond to explode soon after it reaches the surface; some have been known to burst in the pockets of the miners or when held in the warm hand, and the loss is the greater because large stones are more liable to explode or fly in pieces than small ones. Valuable stones have been destroyed in this way, and it is whispered that cunning dealers are not averse to allowing responsible clients to handle or carry in their warm pockets large crystals fresh from the mine. By way of safeguard against explosion some dealers imbed large diamonds in raw potato to insure safe transit to England.—London Chronicle.

Eclipse in Malta.

An engineer who viewed the recent eclipse of the sun from his station in Malta thus describes the effect of the darkness on the inhabitants of that island: "The Maltese nearly went mad with fright, thinking the world was coming to an end. All the people of the village where I am living ran into the church, while some rang the church bells and some even fired off large squibs (something of the fireworks tribe, I mean), but it was all over in about a quarter of an hour and then the Maltese left the church and made their way back to their houses, still looking very much scared."

Called His Bluff.

Miss Cutting—I have often wondered why you have never dabbled in literature, Mr. Glibb.

Mr. Glibb—Ah, you flatter me, Miss Cutting.

"Not at all," said she. "If I could spin off fairy tales as easily as you can, I should certainly try to put them into book form!"—Detroit Free Press.

Retail Staff.

"Well," said the optimist, "there are at least two senators who won't do any grafting this session."

"Oh, I don't know," growled the confirmed pessimist. "They'll both make a pretty good rake-off on their mileage."—Chicago Sun.

MOURNING IN JAPAN.

Is Done in Privates and Not Paraded Before the Eyes of the Public.

In Japan people who have suffered a bereavement not only do not put on mourning, but after the blow has fallen they make their next appearance with a smile upon their faces, as if nothing had happened. According to Lafcadio Hearn, this is not in the smallest sense an evidence of indifference. The Japanese, he declares, suffer as keenly from a bereavement as any other people. The purpose of the practice is wholly to spare the feelings of other people. To betray feelings of sorrow is to afflict those about us. The men or garb of grief afflicts, therefore it is impossible for a courteous person to wear it. So reason the Japanese. In order that no thought of pain shall pass from the sufferer to his neighbor, the sufferer wears the aspect of contentment, even though his heart is breaking.

Our own practice is quite the reverse. It considers the sufferer, not his friends. In order that not only may all know that he is in sorrow, but that some drop of that sorrow may pass from him to those about him, the bereaved person wears black. The direct purpose of wearing mourning is not, we may be assured, to make an ostentation of grief, as some opponents of the practice have thoughtlessly assumed. It is rather to spare the bereaved from the chance remarks of those who are ignorant of his affliction. It is worn that they may know, and avoid questions or blundering observations that may wound him. But even in this worthy aim, we believe, truer view of the purpose of mourning, the person whose comfort is considered is the sufferer. The many are called upon to share in his woe to some extent. The emblem is the token of their compassion, not the embarrassment of his grief.

THE PANAMA SITUATION.

Freedom from Ordinary Limitations of the American Government.

For the third, and, let us hope, for the last time, a study of the Panama situation has begun. The conditions confronting the United States government differ radically, however, from those which confronted the French companies, or that would confront any private company that can be organized. For the outlay made by the American government actual property or a full equivalent in work has been obtained, and no unnecessary capital of wasted money weighs down the enterprise. By the cession to the American government by the new Republic of Panama of a strip of territory ten miles wide from ocean to ocean, in perpetuity, all question of a concession line is permanently removed; and, finally, inasmuch as the American government will not have to consider a canal from the point of view of returning a large profit on an investment, and as it can obtain the necessary funds at an interest charge certainly one-half of what would have to be paid by a private organization, it is obvious that plans can be considered that will involve a much larger capital investment, and that will require more time for completion. In short, the American government is free from ordinary limitations. Therefore the question before the government and its advisers is: What is the best type of canal to construct, and how should it be constructed?

HAD NO PREJUDICE.
Talesman Shows Very Clearly His Lack of Feeling Against Indians.
In a northern California town a supposed murder has been committed, relates Lippincott's Magazine. The half-breed wife of an Indian had died, as the husband said, from natural causes, and was buried without the usual formalities being first complied with. After a lapse of two weeks the body was disinterred by the authorities, at the instance of a particular enemy of the accused, and marks of violence, as the informer stated, were found upon the deceased.

The prosecuting attorney was examining the talesman to ascertain if any of them were prejudiced against Indians.

Talesman Taylor was upon the stand undergoing a rather stiff cross-examination.
"Did an Indian do you or your family any harm at any time?" asked the prosecutor.
"No," replied Taylor.
"Did you or any of your family ever have dealings or trouble with an Indian?"
"No," replied Taylor, "except that my wife's mother was killed by an Indian."

Good Advice.

Magistrate—So you want to get a separation from your wife? What's the matter with her?

Applicant—She behaves most brutally toward me. She treats me like a dog and works me like a horse.

"I'm afraid, my good man, I can do nothing for you. You'd better go to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."—Jugend.

Not Pretty Then.

"Hateful thing, she is!" exclaimed Miss Pretty, angrily. "I'm glad I'm not as mean as she is. I'm as much above her as—"

"Tut! tut!" interrupted her fiancé, "remember that rosebud mouth of yours ceases to be a rosebud when it begins to blow."—Philadelphia Ledger.

BRITISH SHELL OF 1812.

Baltimore Man Brings Up in Fish Net Relic of the Revolution.

An interesting relic of the war of 1812 was recently hauled from the depth of Curtis bay in a fish seine by B. R. Stull, of this city, says the Baltimore American. The relic is a shell which is supposed to have been dropped overboard from one of the British warships which assailed Baltimore.

He took the shell to Fort McHenry, where the ordnance officers pronounced it a shell of English make, and also informed Mr. Stull that it was loaded. Mr. Stull was determined to find out what was inside, and, placing it under water, he carefully bored through the bell metal cap. When the cap was removed about a gill of black powder, which is a good condition, came out. There was something else inside, so Mr. Stull continued to dig, and at last dislodged 176 leaden bullets, each about five-eighths of an inch in diameter, which had been firmly embedded in brimstone.

The shell is five and five-eighths inches in diameter and, with its contents, weighs 2½ pounds.

It was also learned by Mr. Stull that the wooden cap was a portion of the shell, the method of shooting the shell being to place the cap on the shell, with a fuse leading through the cap and the bell metal to the interior of the shell. The powder charge for the gun was then either tied or wrapped around the outside of the wooden cap and the whole placed in the gun. When the latter was discharged the powder ignited the fuse, which in turn carried a spark to the powder in the shell. The spark reaching the brimstone caused a gas to form, and this exploded the shell, the leaden bullets causing the destruction.

GUILD OF "GRAPE PULLERS"

New Line of Business That Is Worked in Connection with the Florist's.

"Grape pullers get a 20 per cent commission," said the conservative florist. "That commission comes off the flowers, though," he added, sneering.

"What is a grape puller?"
"A grape puller is a man who, watching the death notices in the newspapers, calls on all the bereaved families and solicits orders for flowers for the funeral. We call such a man a grape puller contemptuously, pretending that he gets indoors by yanking the grape which hangs from the door bell."

"A good many florists encourage grape pulling—in fact, live on it. They have booklets, illustrated with photographs, that tell all about the various designs they make. With these booklets the grape puller can solicit orders in an intelligible way."

"We conservatives don't encourage grape pulling. We consider it unseemly and indecorous in the first place, and in the second place, since the big commission comes not out of the pocket of the florist, but out of the order of the purchaser, we consider it a little dishonest. But death is always with us. Florists must live. The new guild of the grape pullers grows by hundreds weekly."

STEAM PLANT IN SOD HOUSE

Nebraska Rancher Has Heating Apparatus Put in Poor Structure.

Nowadays you're likely to find a modern heating plant in almost any corner of the world, no matter how remote it may be, said a representative of a prominent heating appliance manufacturer.

Not so very long ago our company was asked to make an estimate for putting in a modern steam plant in a sod house on a lonesome Nebraska ranch. I saw the house, and while its exterior was not very prepossessing, its interior was most comfortably fitted up and furnished. It had six rooms, I think, all of them liberal in size, and fitted out in a modern way. The owner was a big cattle grower with an abundance of money. He merely hadn't got around to building a wood, stone or brick residence. His sod house is located about 40 miles from a railroad and in a lonesome stretch of prairie.

Wonderful Improvement.

Wife (returned from church to her husband, who had stayed at home)—You should have heard Dr. Doe's sermon this morning, my dear. I don't know when anything has made such a profound impression on me. I think it will make a better woman of me as long as I live.

Husband—Did you walk home?

"Oh, no; I took a car, and, do you know, John, the conductor never asked me for my fare, and so I saved a nickel. Wasn't I lucky?"—Chicago Journal.

Parsimony in Church.

The picture Mr. Sidney Holland once drew of the portly and affluent elderly gentleman, unctuously declaring, in the course of the familiar hymn, that "were the whole realm of nature his, it were an offering far too small," at the same time groping in the recesses of his trousers for the three-penny-bit which he knows to be there.—Vanity Fair.

Linguistic "Hellos."

The long-distance telephone system in Berlin reaches distant capitals like St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris, Rome and Brussels. The operators are mostly women who are proficient in the languages of the principal countries of Europe. These highly trained and well-educated women are employed at modest salaries.

HE WAS UNIQUE.

STEMPEL'S WAY OF TELLING THE TRUTH.

Stempel, as Herbert Tansy said from the very first, was absolutely unique. Tansy took all the credit for the discovery, as he does for almost everything, but he does not boast about it so much now.

Of course all the men in the office saw that Stempel was entirely out of the ordinary when he owned up to a mistake in an entry that cost the firm over \$100 to settle. Stempel was calling from Tom Paston's order book to Dixie, the bill clerk, and he quoted two-inch Lyons galloon at three cents when it should have been eight. Paston makes his 3s and 8s a good deal alike anyway, but he's too valuable a man to fire and it seemed as if somebody would have to go. Dixie thought it was his mistake and was in a great hurry about it, but Stempel, when he looked over the book, said at once that he had called it wrong and went and told the whole works so. Well, the old gentleman must have been in a good humor, for he only told Stempel to be more careful next time. That shows the sort of fellow Stempel was. He had the peculiarity of being absolutely truthful.

There was one thing about Stempel, though. He wasn't extravagant with the faculty of speech. One of those never-say-nothing-to-nobody sort of fellows. Went about his business quietly and soberly, never laughed or joked much.

One time Dixie was telling a story about an uncle of his who was a great swimmer. He said he swam 15 miles up the Mississippi river against the strongest kind of current and towed a log raft that had drifted away from its moorings by a rope held in his teeth. Dixie said his uncle did that 15 miles in two hours, nineteen minutes and some seconds, which he has forgotten.

Tansy had to drag Stempel into it, of course. He asked Stempel what he thought of it. I guess he was trying to make trouble. Stempel shook his head and went on addressing envelopes.

"But what do you think of it?" Tansy persisted. "Don't you think that was pretty good swimming?"

"Well," said Stempel, slowly and soberly, "I don't believe it. No, sir, I don't believe it. I know what the Mississippi current is and I know what a log raft is to tow. I doubt if a strong swimmer could make 15 miles in two hours and 19 minutes without towing anything. I don't want to be offensive, and it may be that Dixie was mistaken, but I can't bring myself to believe that his uncle ever did such a thing."

Of course that tickled Tansy. As I said, Tansy was always showing Stempel off. He made a great pretense of being friendly with him, and Stempel didn't see through him at first and talked to him more freely than he did to any of the others. Tansy came to us and told us what Stempel thought about this, that and the other—what this fellow did and what the other fellow said and, although we knew that Tansy had corkscrewed his opinions out of him, we got a little sore all the same, because what Stempel said about us, being the truth, hit us hard occasionally.

One day Tansy told me that he had asked Stempel what he thought of me and Stempel replied that he didn't care to say.

"I asked him if that didn't mean that he had not a very favorable opinion of you," said Tansy, "and he said at last that it did. He went on to say—"

"I told him that if he told me what Stempel went on to say I'd punch his head and that stopped him. I was hot, though, and after I'd thought it over I went to Stempel and told him that I had heard he hadn't a high opinion of me."

"Did Tansy tell you that?" he asked.

"He did, and before all the crowd," I replied. "Now it's up to you to explain."

"Did he tell you what else I said—what I based my opinion on?" he asked, gently.

"No, he didn't," I said. "I wouldn't stand for it."

"Then I'll tell you," said Stempel, and he told me. It was pretty plain, straight talk and I'm bound to say it was true. I think it did me good. Anyway, I took it and Stempel and I are good friends now.

But it didn't end there. I told Wilson and Dixie about it and the next morning when we were all together Dixie turned suddenly to Stempel and asked him what he thought of Tansy.

Tansy grinned. He thought he was going to get a few boquets.

"I'd prefer not to say," said Stempel. We all shouted. Wilson said: "You know what Stempel means when he says that, Tansy."

It didn't faze Herbert, though. He was cocksure that he stood ace high. "Tell 'em what you think of me, old man," he said to Stempel. "I'd like to know myself."

"I don't think you would," said Stempel.

"I'm not bashful, old fellow; go ahead," said Tansy.

"If you insist on it I'll tell you," said Stempel, who was rather pale. "I'm sorry to say that I consider you dishonest, inasmuch as you have betrayed my confidence in you, and inasmuch as you have professed friendship for me to my face and make fun of me to others. I don't consider you decent. If it's the plain truth you want, there you have it."

Short and sweet, wasn't it? It ought to have done Tansy good if it didn't."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tempered with Mercy.

Niobarry Jake (leader of vigilantes)—Greaser Pete, yer 'n' obver, sneakin' 'hoss thief 'nd don't d'arve no marcy whatsumever; but th' boys 've decided t' give ye a ch'ice atwixt suicide and a violent death. Now, w'ich d' ye prefer?—Puck.

WOMAN STALKED BY LIONS.

Terrifying Adventure with Six of the Big Brutes in East Africa.

Mrs. L. Hinde, whose husband is sub-commissioner of the British East Africa protectorate, has had the remarkable experience of being stalked by lions, and, the still more remarkable fortune of living to tell the tale. It was on the Uganda railway, in a spot historic for the ravages of man-eating lions, that Mrs. Hinde met with the thrilling adventure which she relates, says Blackwood's Magazine.

Camping out, the party in which Mrs. Hinde was could hear with horrid regularity the screams of the wretched victims as they were carried off for the man-eaters' nightly repasts.

The camp was 70 miles from the nearest connecting link with the outside world, and communication had to be kept up daily by native mail runners. It was the half of the lions to keep pace in the long grass with the runners on the track, and, having selected the most appetizing member of the party, to pounce upon him and carry him off into the bush.

On one occasion, when out map-making, Mr. and Mrs. Hinde came upon a party of a dozen lions, possibly the man-eating troop. Mr. Hinde fired twice, dropping two of the beasts. He then suggested that Mrs. Hinde should ride back to camp, while he approached the two lions, who might be dangerous, even though mortally hit.

After riding for half an hour Mrs. Hinde looked back and saw six of the lions following her. The two native gun-bearers ran away, leaving her unarmed, alone with her sails, an hour from camp. She set off at a fast gallop, the sails running by her side. In their path arose an angry rhinoceros, which fled from them on to the lions.

Mrs. Hinde reached camp in safety, while Mr. Hinde was held up by the rhinoceros, on which he did not venture to fire for fear of turning it on Mrs. Hinde.

THE ELEVATOR BATTERY.

And the Starter Who Shoots the Big Projectiles Up in the Skyscraper.

"No," said the elevator starter in the tall new downtown office building, "Ten!—don't keep the cars waiting—One!—any more till they fill up—Seven!—we keep them going—Four!—all the time. There's never a minute here—Eight!—when you can't get a car—Three!—whichever way you want to go—Five!—up or down. You see—"

He was a trim young man, says the New York Sun, in a trim uniform, and he stood on the opposite side of the open space in front of the row of elevators. Here he was out of the way of the people but could see every elevator and every elevator runner could see him. Surely there was something doing here all the time; but still in the midst of it all the starter found time to say a word or two in answer to an interested visitor.

"You see," he said, "Six!—we have a good many brokers in the Ten!—building, and naturally they don't—One!—want to lose any time getting—Seven!—to and from the street, and it's just the same practically—Nine!—with everybody; nobody likes to wait, and so we try to accommo—Six!—date them. It takes a little more power, but not—Three!—much, and it is convenient for the people. There is never a minute here when you can't—Five!—get a car coming or going on any floor—Six!—We keep the cars moving."

And so he certainly did. What Gridley and Bragg did in the way of firing in response to those historic orders—"You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," and "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg," was nothing to what the starter was doing here, standing back of his battery of elevators and firing, at the rate of three shots a minute, enormous projectiles through guns of a caliber never heard of on land or sea, and keeping this firing up, not through a single action, but day after day and week in and week out.

Low Finance.

George Ade was listening gravely to a compliment. At the end he said:

"Thank you. You remind me of something. A little while after the appearance of my first book I went to spend a week in a summer resort outside of Chicago. The landlord of the modest hotel said to me:

"Mr. Ade, you are a literary man, I believe?"

"I blushed and smiled, and answered that I had written a few trifles, nothing more."

"I have several literary men stopping here," the landlord went on.

"Well, I'm rather glad of that," said I.

"Yes," said the landlord. "I like literary men. They never object to paying in advance. They are used to it."—Washington Post.

Sop to Cerberus.

Cittiman—What have you on that plate card?

Subbubs—It's a motto. "Down with Norway."

"What do you care about Norway?"

"Oh, I've just hired a Swede cook."—Pittsburg Post.

Discovered.

Patron—Why do they call this place a chop house?

Walter—Why, sir, I suppose—
"Oh, don't trouble about it—I've found out. Bring me a hatchet for this steak, will you?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disconsolate.

About the most disconsolate looking woman we know anything about is the woman who holds the team while her husband does the "trading" in a saloon.—Atchison Globe.

RUIN THE PICTURES.

PEOPLE WHO "BUTT IN" WHEN CAMERA IS WORKING.

Scenes Carefully Arranged by Moving Picture Artists Are Disturbed and Rendered Useless.

"Our work is sometimes seriously interfered with by the butts, and then again there are times when their slapping in helps us," said the manager of a moving picture concern, who himself frames up the incidents and supervises the taking of the pictures. "It is impossible to guard against the folks with the butts in habit, for when they see anything unusual coming off on the street or in any public place their natural busybody instinct takes hold of them, and they're bound to nudge up and take a hand in the proceedings."

"Over in Trenton a few weeks ago I fixed up a horsewhipping scene. The first part of the set was easy enough to get. It was a scene in a restaurant, in which a pretty girl, seated at a table a little distance away from another table at which a frolicsome man with a homely wife is dining, falls to making goo-goo eyes at the man."

"The second scene, in which I arranged to have the horsewhipping take place, took place outside the restaurant. We'd got police permission to take the pictures, and I had two or three men stationed in front of the restaurant to keep the crowd back while the phony horsewhipping was in progress."

"When everything was all set and the machine was snapping away at the homely wife laying the lash across the face and shoulders of the flirtatious girl—the lash looked like rattan, but it was a phony, and didn't hurt at all—our troubles began."

"First a big vanguard of a man slammed in and grabbed my homely woman by her lashing arm, bawling that he didn't believe in seeing no woman stinging another woman like that, and that quered one set of films. The machine had to be stopped while the big-buttsinski was being informed that the thing was only a tableau, and that he didn't belong to the picture."

"He took the gibes of the crowd seriously, at that, and looked to be in so much of a mind to kick our gear to pieces that I had to get a cop to walk him down the street."

"When we got all set again and the horsewhipping of the flirtatious girl was once more going on a scrawny hatched-faced woman, who had just joined the outer circle of the crowd, and who wasn't up to what was coming off, rushed into the scene with a shriek, grabbed my two acting women by the hair, and started in to roughhouse them both for their indecency in fighting on the street," she yelled at them. The machine had to be stopped again."

"The incident as I had framed it didn't call for anything like that. I had it arranged that after the whipping had proceeded for a space the giddy husband of the homely wife was to rush in and attempt to separate the two women, when his wife was to turn on him with the lash, causing him to skidoo down the street. The girl with the goo-goo eyes was to seize the whip from the other woman's hands and start in to get hums for the cutting she'd received, the scene ending up that way."

DETHRONING OF ALCOHOL.

Being Brought About by the Modern Spirit of Scientific Research.

Another potent factor in the dethroning of alcohol has been the spirit of scientific research of recent years, says an Open Letter, in Century. In the great laboratories scientists have been carefully studying the effects of alcoholic liquors upon the various organs of the body, and, although they differ in their conclusions upon some points, the result is that those physicians who have most closely followed these investigations have, almost or entirely, absolved alcohol as a necessary part of their therapeutic outfit. These elaborate studies of alcohol have convinced many that the nourishing and strengthening properties formerly ascribed to alcohol existed only in the imagination, and belong to the errors of an age which had no facilities for accurate observation. The food qualities of the grains and fruits, it is now believed by many authorities, are destroyed in the process of making alcoholic drinks. Even the stimulating qualities ascribed to alcohol are denied by many, who class it among narcotics because of its depressant effect.

When Game Was Cheap in Kansas. Even as late as 1886 and 1887 venison was as cheap as beef in the fall. The choicest cuts selling for 12 1/2 cents a pound, while wild turkeys could be had for 75 cents each when tame turkeys no larger sold for a dollar. Brant or wild geese were hard to get rid of, as no one liked their meat. There was little fishing, not nearly so good as now, and the fish were nearly all perch or cat. The fine herd of 200 head of deer in Uncle Joe Lewis' deer park came from a pair he caught in the early days and penned up in a pasture lot.—Anthony Republican.

Congo Salt Marshes. Along the central part of the Congo river there are a number of salt marshes. The Africans dig shallow holes in these, whence issue streams of hot water which, on being evaporated, leaves a residue of salt.

PRUDENT PERCY.

Fathers and mothers who knew him said: "There are not many young men like Percy Widger, that's a fact. It would be a good thing if there were. There's a young fellow that has some sense."

He certainly had some sense. Lots of it, in fact. Cool, self-reliant, and with a judgment beyond his years. His parents were often congratulated on Percy's good, practical qualities. His employer congratulated himself. Not a bad habit to his name, industrious and careful.

"The girl who gets Percy will be lucky," said the mothers. Some of the daughters sniffed, others sighed.

"Bought three blocks of the subdivision from Wheeler," said the fathers. "That boy is going to make money. Pretty hard-headed young chap, I tell you. He'll have it paid for in a year or two."

He had it paid for in a year or two, and the subdivision began to build up. It was a shrewd investment for a young man.

"Well," said some of the mothers to Mrs. Widger, "I suppose Percy will be bringing you home a nice little daughter-in-law some of these fine days."

"I suppose so," assented Mrs. Widger, with a sigh. "I tell him it's time he was looking about him, but he seems quite satisfied to be at home as yet. I think he is keeping his eyes open, but he says he doesn't intend to marry until he's 30. He's 24 now, so he's got six years to make his choice."

"He'll make a good one when he makes it."

"Yes, I believe he will. I've heard of somebody—I believe it was Franklin—who said he chose his wife as he did his coat, for her wearing qualities. Percy is always particular about his clothes. He likes to be neatly dressed, but he never buys a suit because the pattern happens to be pretty. He tries this sample and that, and makes sure that every thread in it is good wool, and that it is properly dyed and woven, and then brings it to me to see what I think of it."

"How sweet! And you think he will select his wife the same way? You must look up some samples for him."

Mrs. Widger had thought of that. She consulted Percy as to his preferences in that sort of goods.

"Well," said Percy, in his matter-of-fact way, "I always thought I should like my wife to be a brunette, as I'm such a towhead. I think opposites should marry. But temperaments should, of course, be sympathetic. I mean to satisfy myself very carefully that the woman I marry is congenial in tastes and habits. I mean I want a sensible, well-balanced girl, and a well-educated girl. When I say well educated I don't mean merely one who has been through Gorton or Vassar or Wellesley only, because she might be very brilliant intellectually, and be a very incapable housekeeper. I think more unhappiness in married life comes through slipshod house-keeping than any other cause. I want my wife to be strong, healthy and good-tempered. But then I've got lots of time. It's not a thing I should do hastily or without due consideration. It's a serious matter, choosing a partner for life."

"You don't say anything about her looks," said Mrs. Widger, with a smile. "Well," said Percy, "I don't want her too good-looking. She receives so much attention that she doesn't think it necessary to pay any attention to others. I've found that to be the case with the girls around here. You must have been an exception to that rule, mother."

Mrs. Widger said she had always known how sensible Percy was, but that little talk was an immense relief to her, after all.

About a week after that Percy was asked to a little party of young people at Samson's. Della Samson was a nice girl, and her brother, Duke, was a nice fellow. Percy decided to go.

When the maid opened the door for him two girls were running down the stairs, hand in hand. One was Della Samson, and the other—

"Jessie," said Della, "let me introduce Mr. Widger. Percy, this is my very dearest friend, Miss Stralen."

Percy saw a slim, in fact, rather waspy young woman with a pile of yellow hair and big blue eyes that had the most appealing look imaginable until she smiled, and then they were rather mischievous in their expression. She put out a hand, and Percy's pulse as he took it made 30 beats above normal.

"You're just in time," said Miss Stralen. "We're going into the kitchen, and I'm going to make fudges. I can't boil water without burning it, but I can make fudges. Can't I, Della?"

Then had a jolly time in the kitchen—that is, it would have been jolly if some of the fellows had not acted so like fools with Miss Stralen. But of course that was hard to avoid. Percy felt conscious that he acted rather than by himself. It was a little look of that yellow hair that had got astray and curled itself across Miss Stralen's heat-flushed cheek that made him feel particularly idiotic.

But she let him beat the fudge. And once she looked at him sideways with a little smile that—

All the way home that night Percy thought of that little smile, and then of the curl of yellow hair, and he felt the peculiar pulse acceleration again. Odd in Percy, wasn't it? He couldn't sleep for thinking of those things.

And they were married within six months, Percy and Miss Stralen. Percy didn't want to wait that long.—Chicago Daily News.

Didn't Mean to Say It That Way. Young Enthusiastic Artist (Innocently)—I presume, Miss Fitzdook, you paint?

Miss Fitzdook (Indignantly, misapplying his remark)—Sir, do you intend to insult—

Young Artist (very much embarrassed)—Oh, 'pon my word, Miss Fitzdook, don't think for a moment I alluded to the paint on your face.—Tit-Bits.

Missed Something. Adam was showing Eve the beautiful sights in the garden of Eden.

"How do you like it, dear?" he asked.

"It's too lovely for anything," she said, "but I am sorry about one thing!"

"What is that?"

"I have no friends to send souvenir postal cards to!" she answered with a dry sob.—Chicago Tribune.

His Last Beat. The editor of the Punkville Pestilence had stood the taunts of the vile opposition as long as he could. He finally armed himself and waited on his loathsome contemporary.

"Where's the editor?" he shouted, as the office boy opened the door. "He's dead. Shot himself last night."

"Scooped again, by snakes!"—Cleveland Leader.

On the Pike. Rodrick—Plunger is a wise one. He is going to build a road tavern and call it the "Garage."

Van Albert—Where is the wisdom in that?

Rodrick—Why, he's going to cater to the automobile class. When a man tells his wife he had to stop at the garage she won't be suspicious.—Chicago News.

An Unpleasant Experience. "Come now, captain," gushed the hostess, "you must take the baby."

"Not for me, ma'am," protested the gruff old sea captain. "I ain't used to that sort of thing."

"Oh! but you must. I want you to see how heavy he is."

"Excuse me! I held a baby once and it got — or — scasick."—Philadelphia Press.

Arrogance. "What do you think of the trust problem?"

"It is becoming more difficult than ever," answered Senator Sorghum, with a tinge of sadness in his tone.

"The trusts are growing so arrogant that there is no telling whom they will put off the pay roll next."—Washington Star.

A Deficient Lexicon. "The word 'graft' becomes more obnoxious to the public every day," said the sincere citizen.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "if many more of my distinguished acquaintances become involved in it we'll have to see if we can't invent a more polite name for it."—Washington Star.

Groceries and Repartee. "What is butter to-day?" asked the possible customer.

"Butter is butter to-day," answered the waggle grocer, with a shriek of laughter.

"Glad to hear it," said the other cheerfully; "the last I got here was axle grease."—Cleveland Leader.

Oh, Cruel Fate.

Artist—Did you take the picture round to the exhibition?

Porter—Yes, sir. And they seemed very pleased with it, too.

Artist—Did they say anything?

Porter—No, they only laughed.

A Mistaken Estimate. The grafter seeks to lay great stress upon his cleverness and intense, when usually his success is due to barefaced impudence.

—Washington Star.

Embarrassed. Beryl—Was Jack much embarrassed when he proposed to Miss Antiqua Goldthwaite?

Sibyl—Well, I should say so.

Beryl—I suppose he blushed and stammered the way they all do?

Sibyl—Not at all. His was financial embarrassment.—Tit-Bits.

Proud of Her. "There's another bride and groom off to Niagara falls," said the ticket agent over his shoulder to his assistant.

"How do you know they're bride and groom?"

"He asked for two tickets, 'one for me, and one for my wife.'"—Philadelphia, Pa.

Privileges Limited. Sharpshooter—I am surprised to find you riding in a parlor car.

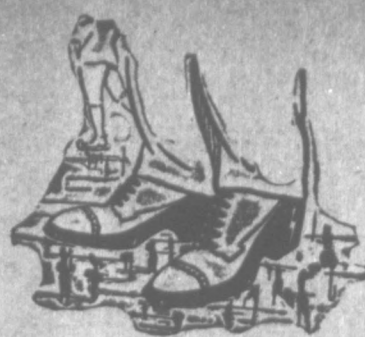
Graball (railway hog)—Huh! I'd like to know why?

Sharpshooter—No matter how hard you try, you can't occupy but one seat.

—N. Y. Weekly.

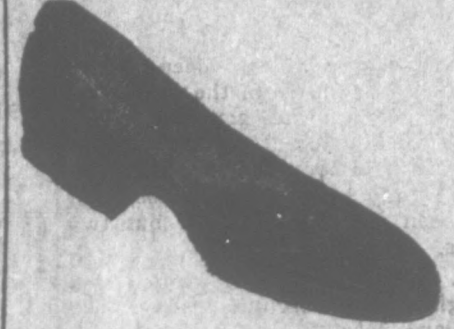
Charity. "Remember," said the charity sharp, "he gives twice who gives quickly."

"In other words," rejoined the marble-hearted man, "he gives twice as much as the fellow who stops to think it over."—Chicago News.



If You Have Foot Troubles

You should throw away those old style rubbers. Any doctor will tell you they cause most of the trouble. He will tell you to get a pair of



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A consolidation of the subway, elevated and surface traction lines of New York is considered probable as the result of the sale of Thomas F. Ryan's interests in the Metropolitan street railway system to August Belmont.

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Important Changes of Time of Southern Railway.

On Friday, December 1st, the following changes in time of Southern railway trains will become effective:

No. 1, now leaving Louisville at 7:40 a. m., will depart at 8 a. m.

No. 9, now leaving Louisville at 3:50 p. m., will depart at 3:35 p. m.

No. 23, now leaving Louisville at 7:25 p. m., will depart at 7:15 p. m.

No. 24, now leaving Lexington at 6 p. m., will depart at 5:40 p. m.

No. 2, now leaving Lexington at 5:30 p. m., will depart at 5 p. m.

Corresponding changes will be made at local stations and passengers intending to use these trains should consult ticket agents for complete information.

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FOURTH AND BROADWAY.

Tuesday Morning, Dec. 26, 1905.

LOCAL NEWS

The big court house promises to be a rather dull place the balance of this week. Only the officials who are winding up their duties to retire with the coming of the new year will be found about the building, as no courts of any kind are apt to be held.

Concerning the shooting which occurred on Broadway at the I. C. R. R. crossing many reports which were of whole cloth flew about the streets yesterday. All day. Facts seemed hard to get or the people didn't try to get them. The truth of the shooting was enough to have circulated without any exaggeration to the facts.

The mail carriers had more than their hands full yesterday for a fact. The Christmas business of the department was perhaps never as large before.

The express companies ran many extra wagons yesterday to deliver the packages they had to handle, and then were worked hard to get rid of receipts. Each company reports that their shipments came in by more than carloads. Their business was the heaviest within their history.

The people generally found yesterday somewhat of a strenuous day from all reports.

Yesterday couldn't have been a pleasant day had it been made to order. The skies were clear, the atmosphere delightfully balmy for the season and the outdoors were almost as enjoyable as the indoors. There were many people on the streets and much mingling at the homes.

Did you remember the unfortunate yesterday? If so your Christmas was happily spent no doubt.

Many little friends of Claude Baker yesterday gathered at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, on Kentucky avenue. Seventh street, to unite with him in celebrating his sixth birthday. It was a happy assemblage and after Claude made all present enjoy the occasion, he proving a capable host.

There will be a general resumption of the old order of things now that Christmas has once more come and gone. The mills, factories, etc., are expected to resume regularly this morning unless there is a decided falling off in the reports of employment.

This morning Referee Bagby takes up the Warren case again.

The churches which held services yesterday had very large congregations. The Christmas exercises also drew large gatherings.

There was a remarkable small number of people down in the business part of the city last night. There was as a consequence less noise than is usual on a holiday.

The order yesterday was so good that it was commented upon by the police. The people no doubt enjoyed them selves but with more than the usual control of themselves. There was a noticeable falling off in the number of intoxicated men upon the streets.

Justice Young holds his court today.

The Henderson Gleaner says that there is little doubt but that that city will have an all around state club this season and will come into the Kitty league if there is an opening.

Mamie Caldwell, who accidentally shot her husband, Bud Caldwell, while fooling with an old pistol, Saturday morning last, is to have an examining trial before Judge Sanders, of the city court, this morning. Caldwell, though shot through and at first thought to be fatally wounded, was alive at last accounts and may recover.

An unusual force and rather interesting docket of the city court will be held this morning. The accumulation of cases and the shootings of the past few days will give the court its interest.

There was a fair audience at The Kentucky yesterday afternoon to enjoy the concert given by the Philharmonic Orchestra. The programme was an excellent one and all the numbers creditable to the participants. It was perhaps unfortunate for the patronage of the entertainment that a holiday was selected for its presentation.

Mrs. William Nelson went to Cairo

and spent Christmas with her husband, who is there.

Mr. Oscar Rouse, of Memphis, Tenn., is in the city visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Rouse, of Fourth and Harrison.

Mr. Murrell Williams, of Cairo, is here visiting his mother during the holidays. He is the well known cigarmaker formerly of this city.

Mr. Henry Schroat, of Birmingham, Ala., is visiting his mother on South Third, during the holidays.

Mr. Harry Bacon, of the Southernland Medicine company traveling force, is in for the holidays.

Miss J. B. Hilderbrand, of Laclede, Ill., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sisson.

Mr. Fred Hisey and wife, of Cairo came up Sunday to spend several days with relatives.

BAPTIST CHURCH REVIVAL.

It Continues With Much Interest and Good Results.

The protracted meeting which is being conducted at the First Baptist church continues with much interest notwithstanding it has been under way now several weeks. That much good is being done needs hardly be said, for the number of converts has been large and there are promises of more to follow. Sunday night the services were continued throughout the night and up until 5 o'clock Monday morning. The hours were devoted to singing, individual talks, and prayers and notwithstanding the long hours many were present at the closing time. The morning services yesterday and those of last night were largely attended.

JUST AS PRECAUTION.

Extra Police Force on Duty Last Night—Murmuring Negroes Cause.

The entire police force was on watch last night and Chief Collins was in charge of the men. This was a precautionary measure because of the murmuring of some negroes yesterday who criticised the way that Ben Tice, the I. C. flagman at the Broadway crossing, was handled. This calling out of the force caused some of the people to fear that a serious disturbance was in prospect and some sensational rumors got in circulation as a result. Up to a late hour this morning the city was very quiet all things considered.

CHRISTMAS TREE FOR POOR.

Rev. Chiles Will Call, If Notified, For Donations.

By mistake the Register stated that the Christmas tree for the poor, at the Rescue Mission, would take place Christmas night, but it does not come off until tomorrow, Wednesday night.

Rev. Chiles requests that all merchants and others who will donate to the entertainment if they will telephone him today that he will call for any and everything contributed. Already liberal responses have been made, but not enough to meet the demands of the occasion.

RECAPTURED LAST NIGHT.

Bony Joynes, After Three Months at Large Captured by Police.

Last night about 11 o'clock Officers Hurley and Singery arrested Bony Joynes, a negro in Fisherville and locked him up at the city hall.

Early in the fall Joynes was given six months in the county jail for shoplifting, charged with stealing a cap from Wallerstein. About three months ago, when allowed out as a trusty, he escaped and has been at large until discovered and arrested last night.

TO POLICY HOLDERS.

We wish to notify our patrons, the public generally, through the daily press, each agent signing the notice, that commencing on the first day of January, 1906, all policies are due and payable when the insurance is effected or upon delivery of policy in person or by mail.

BOARD OF LOCAL

UNDERWRITERS.

Fine lettuce for sale; tender, crisp and cheap. Oak Grove greenhouse, Porteous Bros.

Mrs. E. L. Whitesides, oestopath, 609 1/2 Broadway; Phones, Old 1431, New, 761.

PABST BLUE RIBBON

BOTTLE BEER

Sold at

Gray's Buffet,

Palmer House Bar,

L. A. Lagomarsino.

Meyer Hall, a Texas millionaire,

and one of the foremost business

men of the Southwest, died in San

Antonio.

Succumbed Yesterday After

noon in Phoenix, Ariz.

DEATH WAS FEARED

BUT CAME UNEXPECTED.

Was in Arizona For His Failing

Health and Was Hopeful of

Recovering.

REMAINS TO BE SENT

HOME AT ONCE.

[With widespread and deep regret will everybody learn of the death yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock of Dr. William Hank at the St. Joseph's hospital in Phoenix, Arizona. He passed away after a long illness, but had been in the institution but two weeks.]

Dr. Hank is the prominent young druggist whose declining health last February necessitated his retirement from business, he at that time operating a drug store at Seventh and Clay streets, and which house he sold to his brother-in-law, Dr. J. D. Bacon, who also conducts a similar store at Seventh and Jackson streets. After disposing of his business Dr. Hank left for a trip through Florida where he remained several weeks. Returning he went to Tennessee and remained several weeks. In the summer he came back to Paducah and stayed until the first of last November when he left for Arizona where he has been since then. He suffered from Bright's disease and it gradually crept over him. It was thought he was getting better, though, as messages arrived here to that effect only yesterday at noon, but about 5 o'clock in the afternoon there came the sad mis- sive stating he expired at 2:30 o'clock. His demise at the last must have been quite sudden. No details of the sad occurrence have been received.

Mr. Oscar Hank, his brother, went out to visit him last month and found him doing better, but in order he could get the benefit of the medical diet he was placed in the hospital, where it was presumed he was daily getting better.

Immediately upon news arriving of the death the institution officials were wired to forward the remains, which will be shipped today and arrive here sometime next Friday or Saturday. When they reach this city arrangements for the burial ceremonies will be announced.

No young man in this city or Western Kentucky stood higher than the deceased, who was one greatly admired and esteemed for his sterling integrity and upright progressiveness. Genial to the extreme he was a friend of everybody, and the love was cher- fully returned.

The deceased was born in this city October 4th, 1871 and has made the place his home all his life. He grew to manhood, studied and became a pharmacist, and was connected with a number of drug houses around the town until five or six years ago when he entered business himself at Seventh and Clay streets, doing a flourishing business.

The deceased was a single man, and besides his father, Mr. Peter Hank, is survived by several brothers and one sister, they being Messrs Gus, Harry, Oscar and Walter Hank, and Miss Mae Hank. The brothers are all the well known hardware men with exception of Mr. Oscar Hank, who is the representative of a big tobacco concern here. He was a cousin of Mr. H. Henneberger, the feed and coal dealer; Miss Emma Neihaus, Mrs. Lou Herring, Miss Lena Henneberger and Mrs. John W. Hovious, of this city, and had a number of other relatives.

The deceased was a member of Plain City Lodge No. 449, F. and A. M. and probabilities are the funeral services will be conducted under auspices of this secret order.

TO OCCUPY NEW QUARTERS

The Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Company Makes Improvements.

The factory of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket company, in Mechanicsburg, will soon take on renewed activity. The company as heretofore stated, is building a new factory 50 by 225 feet in size and this it is hoped to occupy by the 10th of next month. This coming Saturday the company expects to get into its new office building and will then have one of the newest offices in the city. Manager Meyers is negotiating for a 250 horse power engine for his new factory and this will no doubt be secured, it being needed for the increased business of the company. There is hardly a more important industry about the city than this box factory and many find profitable employment there. The attaches of this factory Saturday presented Manager Meyers with a handsome solid gold watch chain as evidence of their esteem of him personally.

James E. Martin, prominent in New York society, was instantly killed in an automobile accident at Flushing, L. I.